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THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

JOHN LEVY.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER,

MISS RACHEL FRANCES LEVY.

LAWRENCE :

PRINTED BY ROBERT BOWER, AT THE "JOURNAL" OFFICE.

1871.





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P R E F A C E .

In submitting this unpretending work to the attention of the public, the editress craves for it a kind and an indulgent reception. It is the simple narrative of the varied events of a somewhat chequered career, plainly told, but truthfully. No attempt has been made to excite morbid curiosity or to arouse sensational emotions by the detail of imaginary incidents, or improbable occurrences. The work is not one of fiction ; it is one of reality.

These pages have not been written with any view to personal popularity. The object of the compiler has been of a different nature. The motive for the undertaking originated in the desire of a daughter to raise, by the publication and sale of this book, the means wherewith to conduce to the comfort of her parent in his declining years ; and this motive, she hopes, will disarm criticism and plead in extenuation of censure for what may be uncharitably alleged as triviality of incident, fault of style, or defect in composition.

With these brief explanations, the writer submits the book to the candor and generosity and right feeling of the benevolent of the community.

R. F. LEVY.

LAWRENCE, MASS.,
March 1st, 1871.

LOWELL, January 16, 1871.

I have known MR JOHN LEVY more than forty years, and esteem him as a very worthy man. His life has been one of vicissitude, and I anticipate pleasure in reading it when published. I hope the enterprise will be one of utility to himself and his worthy family, and of salutary influence upon purchasers and readers.

THEODORE EDSON.

LAWRENCE, January 16. '71

MR. JOHN LEVY came to Lawrence in 1846, and remained four or five years. He then left, and returned last spring. From my knowledge of him and his family, I cordially and fully endorse all that Dr. Edson has said of him. I have regarded him as an honest, intelligent, and Christian man, and commend his Autobiography to the patronage of the Christian public.

GEORGE PACKARD.

LOWELL, Jan. 23, 1871.

I have known MR. LEVY for many years, as a most worthy man, of strong characteristics and interesting life. I cannot but think his story of its many and varied events will be instructive and interesting, and cheerfully recommend him and his book.

JACOB ROBBINS.

HYDE PARK, MASS.

January 23, 1871.

MR. JOHN LEVY was a parishioner of mine in Geneseo, Livingston Co., New York, from 1853 to 1859. I have always esteemed him as a most worthy and deserving person, and he has my best wishes for the success of the book which he proposes to publish.

JOHN W. BIRCHMORE,
Rector of Christ Church,
Hyde Park, Mass.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN LEVY.

I was born on the Island of Nevis, on the 4th of August, 1797. My father was named Daniel Levy. He was the owner of several vessels, which sailed from Nevis to America; and both my father and mother were slaveholders. But their slaves were not kept as slaves have been kept at the South. They did not keep theirs debarred from knowledge; they always gave opportunity of acquiring an education—as was the custom on Plantations in the West Indies, at that time.

While I was still a youth, my father bound me out to a man of the name of James Mills, to learn the trade of a carpenter. I commenced in 1809; and, during the most of the term, I made it my business to shingle and go round doing jobs on the Sabbath, which day was the only time I had at my disposal in which to make any pocket-money. It was the custom there, at that time, for apprentices to work on the Sabbath for themselves.

In that position I remained until 1812. At that period it was the custom of the people of the place to spend the holidays—not as they do here, for we all go to work the next day; but in the West Indies, they have amusements and parties every day from one festival to the other, until the holidays are over.

On Christmas-Day, 1812, an old friend, named Captain Hazle, at that time Master of a vessel, was a visitor at my father's house. I took passage with the captain, to go to St. Kitts, under pretence that I was going on a visit. From that place I took passage in another vessel and went to Stacia, where I had an aunt. I remained

there with her a few days, and then I entered another vessel and went to St. Bartholomew. While there, I endeavoured to get a passage by another vessel to go to Tortola. I got a promise of one from an American captain, belonging to Virginia. He was on a voyage to Tortola. I went to the Custom-house to beg a pass, as I had no money ; and I was directed to the captain and told that it would be all right. On my way to the captain I met a gentleman, who wanted his trunk carried. He gave me twenty-five cents, which I carried in my pocket, and it afterwards became very beneficial to me. I then went on board, to go to Tortola, and the voyage thither was a remarkably pleasant one. One bright moonlit night I was amusing myself, lying on the deck, when the captain came to me and said he would like to go to Virginia with me. I told him I should very much like to go, but that I should like to see my friends at Tortola, before I went. He said he, himself, would see them, and inquired who they were. I told him the name of one of them, who was in the Custom-house.

The vessel that I was on was consigned to merchants at Tortola. When we arrived, the vessel was anchored outside of the reef, as we intended to resail in a few hours. At that time there was another vessel, owned by the same company, anchored inside the harbor. The captain told me to stay on board the vessel, and he would bring some of my friends to see me, as he was going on shore. I told him I should like to go on shore with him ; but he refused my request, and told me to stay where I was. The boat that belonged to the vessel had two sails, and as there was a fresh breeze blowing towards the harbor, I jumped into the bow of the boat, and as the sailors pushed off from the side of the vessel, the sails of the boat hid me from the sight of the captain, who was in the stern. In a few moments, and as the boat was sailing in shore, the captain discovered me and wanted to know what I was doing in the boat. I told him I was going ashore. He said no more until we got into

the harbor ; he then went alongside the other American vessel and ordered me to get out of the boat into her. He instructed the sailors to keep watch over me and not let me leave the vessel until he returned from the shore. This occurred on a Sunday morning.

I went on board, and the captain left and went ashore. In about half an hour the men were down in the steerage, conversing, and counting the money they had made in their adventure since they had left America. I went on deck, and descried on the wharf a man that looked very much like the captain. He took off his hat to rub his head. I told the men the captain was waving his hat, and they jumped into the boat and went ashore to him. While they were on their way, I went to the boom of the craft and saw there was a vessel which ran from Tortola to St. Thomas lying on her larboard bow to an anchor, about twenty rods from the vessel I was on. Seeing a man aboard of her, I hailed him, and he came immediately to me with his boat. I asked him for what sum he would convey me to the shore, and he told me a quarter of a dollar. I jumped into his boat, and away we went. When I got on the wharf, the captain saw and approached me, and demanded what I was doing ashore. I told him I was, as he had said, ashore ; and I dared him to touch me at his peril. I then inquired for Mrs. V's house, as there I expected to find my cousin ; nor was I disappointed. I ascertained the direction, and was quickly at the house, where, as soon as I arrived, I proceeded to tell my story. The lady kindly and promptly sent her son to look into the matter. As Tortola was a British island, under British laws, he, after due inquiry, applied for and obtained a warrant against the captain, for an attempt to kidnap. The captain, being made aware of this, hurried to his vessel and put to sea. Here it is requisite to retrogress.

While I was at my home, American captains were in the habit of visiting my father at his house ; and in the course of conversa-

tions which I frequently overheard, anecdotes were sometimes narrated of the speakers' experience in kidnapping. I thus early became somewhat conversant with the wiles and stratagems of the nefarious practice; and I the more readily discerned the baffled captain's designs with regard to myself.

I return to my adventures. My mother had, some short time before, removed from Nevis to St. Thomas; and I determined to endeavor to get to her. With this object before me, I took passage in a packet from Tortola to St. Thomas; and having arrived there and found my mother, I went to work as a carpenter, for a little while; and soon afterwards the war broke out between Great Britain and America—the war of 1812.

I then got an opportunity to embark on board of a vessel belonging to St. Thomas, to go to St. Domingo, to the Port of Jackamel, for a cargo of coffee, to return back to St. Thomas. On our way thither, there came off, from one of the bluffs, a pirate vessel, the crew of which boarded us. They robbed us of everything we possessed, even to the hats from our heads and the knives from our pockets, and we had cords placed around our necks. They then left us. We entered Jackamel, took in our lading of coffee, and sailed again for St. Thomas. We returned safely, and I was discharged.

After this, I often went on board vessels lying in the harbor; and on such occasions I heard the sailors talk so much about Europe, that I began to feel a strong desire to see more of the world than I hitherto had done. I was but a boy at the time—the year 1813.

At that period there was the English 96th Regiment stationed in part at St. Thomas; the other part was stationed at Santa Cruz. The adjutant wanted a waiter, and he took me to go with him to Santa Cruz. I went, and remained with him until another opportunity for a change offered.

CHAPTER II.

There was at this time, a ship taking in a cargo of sugar for England, by the name of the Frances Ann. She had to be ready to meet a convoy at St. Thomas; and they had to convoy their ships home to England with Man-of-war vessels. The captain of the ship Frances Ann, whose name was Stoddard, and who belonged to Bristol, England, offered me eight joes—one joe is equal to eight dollars—to serve him in the cabin as steward and cabin-boy, as there were only him and the mate. I accepted the offer; and when the ship was ready to sail, as it was expected she was going to St. Thomas, to join the convoy, I thought this a good opportunity to communicate with my mother; but, to my disappointment, when we arrived near St. Thomas we found that the convoy had sailed. So we had to put after them; and we were four days before we joined company. We received our instructions from the Commodore's ship, and had two brigs to convoy us to England. We went along very pleasantly; but the captain seemed to be a wild sort of man and hard to please; and, knowing this, I did my best to serve him in the cabin. When we got near the Grand Banks he became sick, and I thought I would make him a chicken broth that day for cabin fare. We had what we called a sea-pie the next day. The balance of the broth that was left I mixed with the sea-pie, for the next day. After doing this, I placed the sea-pie for the captain on the table, and called him and the mate to dinner. I took my station near the companion-ladder and rested my elbow on the stairs while they sat down to table. When seated, the captain made the inquiry of me, what had become of the rest of the chicken broth? I replied that I had put

it into the sea-pie. On hearing my answer, he immediately took up a case-knife that was lying near, and hurled it at me. With such force was the knife sent, the open blade of it cut through my clothing and made quite a gash on my right elbow, the mark of which is visible at this day. I went upon deck, and the sailors all flocked around me to ask what was the matter, and I told them. These sailors were Americans. They had no great affection for the captain, and as they were near the Grand Banks, he had some fear that they would raise a mutiny and take the ship to America. He therefore ordered one of the men to hoist the Union flag downwards at the topgallant masthead, as the signal of a ship in distress. One of the man-of-war brigs which were conveying us came up and hailed us, to know what was the matter. The captain of the *Frances Ann* replied that his men thought they had a better right to his vessel than he had himself. He was then ordered by the captain of the man-of-war brig to shorten sail and heave back the main-topsail. A boat was then lowered and he came alongside our ship, and, having ordered the six sailors and myself into the boat, he carried us on board the brig, and sent six supernumeraries to work the *Frances Ann*.

The doctor on board the brig dressed my wound. The sailors and myself were detained on the brig until we came up with the Commodore's ship. The Commodore, on being told what had happened, ordered that the six American sailors should be kept on board the brig, and that I was to be conveyed on board the *Frances Ann*. Accordingly, I was put on board the ship; and the captain wanted me to serve in the cabin again. I told him I would not; that I would do my duty before the mast. My decision incensed him, and he sought means to have such a hold upon me as to be able hereafter to deprive me, at the least, of my wages. He put me to the wheel, to steer the ship, and placed one of the supernumeraries, whose name was Davis, to watch me, to see if I were

capable of steering the ship ; and when it was my watch at the wheel, he would come up during the night and inquire how was the ship's head ? I would tell him by the compass. Then he would come round by the binnacle, to look at the compass, to see if I was correct. Sometimes, to punish me, they would keep me half-an-hour beyond my watch at the wheel ; but I bore it very cheerfully, and often amused myself with singing. The captain found he could not conquer my determination not to re-enter the cabin.

The next step he took to punish me, was when it was my watch below in the daytime : he would make me go up and set the top-gallant stunsail. That I would do cheerfully, and go up singing ; so much so, that the captain would cry out, " stop that singing, up there !" He treated me thus so often, that the sailors became disgusted wit him.

Another punishment he used to inflict upon me, was when the men were getting their supper and I ought to have been with them, to get mine. At such times he would call me to get the slush-bucket and go up and grease the mizzen-topmast and topgallanmast. That, also, I did with alacrity.

The captain had weak eyes, and he wore a green shade over one of them. One day, in particular, he called me to get the slush-bucket and grease, as usual ; and I promptly obeyed. He was sitting at the time on the hencoop, near the mizzen-mast ; and as I was aloft, performing the task assigned, he looked up and cried out, " stop that singing, there !" By some mismovement, I unfortunately dropped a lump of the slush, which fell on his face. He hurriedly called me down, and ordered the men to seize me, with a view to flogging me ; but not a man would touch me.

Soon after this, we began to draw near to land. He then called me into the cabin, and said : " It is in my power to sell you or save you." As pressgangs were busy in pressing men and boys for the

war, and as I could speak the Spanish language, I agreed to return to my duty in the cabin, in order to be saved from the pressgang.

When we arrived near Dover, one of the cruising cutters hailed us to heave-to. I was told to go down and sit on the windlass, and, if addressed, not to speak English, but to speak Spanish. When the officer of the pressgang came on board and mustered the crew he inquired about me, and was told that I was not good for anything—that I could speak only Spanish. So, for that time, I escaped.

In going up the Thames, on our way to London, and when near Gravesend, another pressgang came on board, and the inquiry was addressed to me, while in the cabin, "Steward, have you any brandy?" I replied: "Yo no entenda, senor." (That is to say: I don't understand you.) I understood all the inquiries addressed to me, and could have replied to them in English; but I answered, in Spanish, that I did not understand them. There was no one on board the ship that they could press, and they soon left us.

In due course we arrived at the English metropolis, London, and hauled the vessel into the West India Dock, and moored her.

The day after our arrival,—this was in October, 1813,—Captain Stoddard, who was captain of the ship, said to me: "Steward, you had better remain on board, to take care of the things; for, by so doing, you will save the expense of being on shore." All the rest of the crew were discharged. The captain held a private conversation with me in the cabin. He had some things, he said, which he wished me to smuggle for him on shore; such as coffee, silk, and other merchandize. I accomplished this, at different times; and after the work was finished, he told me I had better look for a boarding place, as I would have to be discharged. I made inquiry, and obtained lodgings in Ratcliff-highway.

CHAPTER III.

The captain had told me that the whole ship's crew would be paid off, promptly. After I had been at my boarding place some three or four days, I went out to take a walk. As I was passing Somerset House, I was interrogated by a man who asked where I was from. I replied to him in Spanish, and he then spoke in Spanish to me. He inquired of me, if I had a passport; and he wanted to see it. I told him it was at my boarding-place,—though I had no pass. I soon found he was one of a pressgang; so I had my thoughts about me. He then said to me, "Come along and show me it." We went along a few steps, when I got a little way ahead of him and took leg-bail for security, and was quickly at my boarding-house.

The next day I went to the captain's house, to learn how soon I was to receive my pay, as I was anxious to get back home to my parents. The captain said, the crew were all to be paid off the next day; and that they were to meet together at the Porter House, in Commercial street, (opposite Lima Church,) at a given hour. According to order, at the appointed time we met at the place named; and when we had waited there about an hour, the men began to grow impatient, and they wanted me to go to the captain's house and tell him that the men were all there. I did so; and the captain said he would be with them in half-an-hour. I returned to the men and told them the captain's message. In about ten minutes afterwards, three individuals entered the room and inquired to what ship the crew belonged. One of the sailors replied to them, "The Frances Ann." Then one of them, coming towards me, inquired, "Is this your steward!" I then replied,

Yo no entenda, senor." "Ah!" said the lieutenant of the pressgang, whose name I ascertained was Scott; "Ah! not

ten days, you say. You are just the fellow I want, so come along." Two of them took hold of me by the collar and dragged me out of the room, and carried me on board a guard-ship lying in the river Thames. The name of the ship was, The Enterprise. There I was kept. The guardman cried out, "Pressed man—to go below."

Next morning, I was brought up on deck and placed before the regulating-captain. He asked me what I had to say for myself. Although I understood all that was said to me, I made no reply as I wished it to be understood that I was a Spaniard. When, therefore, the interpreter spoke to me, I replied to him in the Spanish language. After a brief conversation, I was told to go below ; but I refused to stir until the interpreter repeated the order in Spanish.

One side of the lower deck was for pressed men, and the other was for volunteers. At night, two or three of the volunteers came to me, to try what they could get me to say. They would ask me, in English, where was I pressed ? and I would tell them, in Spanish, to go away from me.

I was detained on board, and every morning I was brought up on deck, during a period of eight days. On the eighth morning, when I was brought up before the regulating-captain, the press-master was sent for and asked why I could not speak English. The press-master replied that my late captain had told him that I would not speak English ; but that I was a smart boy and he would keep me, and I could speak English as well as any of them. Up to this time, I had not spoken a word of English. The regulating-captain said : " Well, my lad, you may go below ; we shall keep you, and you may speak English as soon as you like and as quickly as you can."

This was the course that Captain Stoddard took, to cheat me out of my wages. He it was who put the pressgang on my track

and caused me to be pressed on board the man-of-war. He had carried out a cherished determination to be revenged, and he had added hypocrisy to his cruelty.

About eleven o'clock, the same day, I was called on deck and ordered to get on board of a cutter, lying alongside the guard-ship, with sixty others, as a draft to go down the river. We went on board, and were placed down between decks, and a grating was placed over the hatchway, and, when we were secure, sail was set and the cutter glided down the river.

Up to this time I had not spoken a word of English, but as I raised my eyes to look around me, I saw a man whom I recognized as being one of the crew of the *Frances Ann*. He hailed me. "Hallo!" said he; "Steward, have they got you here, then?" As I had come to the conclusion in my own mind that I was completely sold, and that I might as well resume the use of English as continue to speak Spanish, I answered him in the language in which he addressed me. At this, all the men around burst into a laugh, and we began to feel quite gay. There was music on board, and we began to dance, and had a grand time; and in the midst of all the fun the captain of the cutter came down amongst us, when we at once became still, as he said he had something to say to us. In an instant we were all quiet. He commenced with these words: "Men, you are all merry and dancing. Now," said he, "you are going where you don't know—on board of some ship-of-war, and how soon you may get into battle is not certain, and you may reflect on your condition. Now, I wish you all to be steady." He kept talking in this way for a considerable time. Finally, we got down to the Nore, near Sheerness, and went alongside of the guard-ship and embarked on board of the *Minerva*. She hoisted a signal for the captain of the Fourth Frigate, that was lying there waiting for men. Sir William Bolton was captain. He came on board the guard-ship, and selected, out of the draft in which I was, as

many men and boys as he wanted. I was carried on board the frigate, and then, against my own will, commenced for me a new career. This was in the month of December, 1813.

Before proceeding with my narrative, I may here remark that, hitherto, my course, although in most instances originated by myself, had eventually been shaped by events beyond my control. I had, as it were, been the plaything of Chance.

CHAPTER IV.

The frigate into which I was drafted was well fitted up. She mounted fifty-four guns, and three hundred and ninety picked men and boys comprised her crew. The vessel sailed from the Nore to Dover, and there joined a large fleet, consisting of eighty sail of the line. The Prince of Orange commanded the squadron, and the Admiral of the Blue was Admiral Young. He commanded the Impregnable, a three-decked ship. We received orders to weigh anchor and put out to sea. We accordingly sailed up the North Sea, to Rumpport. When we arrived there, we anchored; and they put me in the First Cutter, as one of the boat's crew. The sailing-master and midshipmen went with me in the boat to sound along the shore and West Kelt.

Night overtook us; and it being very foggy and sleety weather, we had to bring the boat to a grappling. There we were all night. Not having been accustomed to Winter weather in England, this being my first experience of its effects, I felt my feet become wet and cold in the boat, for a while, and then felt no more of the pain, as the frost entered my feet during the night.

When daylight appeared, we hauled our grapplings, and made for the ship. The morning being very foggy, we, however, could not see the ship. We heard the drum beating, that we might ascertain in what direction the ship lay. We got alongside of her, at length. The men in the boat were able to get on board; but I was unable to follow them. The frost had taken possession of my feet, and I had to be hoisted on board. Owing to the effect of the night's exposure, I was on the sick list for a time.

Orders were issued from the Admiral's ship for two frigates and two brigs to proceed and run the gauntlet past Flushing Fort. We fought it, and passed by. This was in 1814.

We went to Antwerp, and blockaded Napoleon Bonaparte. That was at the time he was taken and sent to the Island of Elba. We were then ordered to return back to England.

We reached Portsmouth, without any mishap, and were there ordered to warp the vessel into the dock to be overhauled and repaired, and to fitted out again for sea.

After the vessel was repaired and refitted, we were ordered to take Commodore Cothington, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and sixty supernumeraries for other ships, and proceed to the Bermudas.

When we arrived there, the Admiral at that station ordered us to take Commodore Cothington to America—namely, to New London, Connecticut, and put him on board the ship Trident, which was blockading that river. From there we were ordered to the station at New York, to relieve the Commodore-ship, Satan.

We cruised off there, that winter, waiting the President frigate to come out, as we expected to have a fight with her. We often neared Sandy Hook, so that we could see that vessel lying at anchor, with her pennant flying at the masthead.

The squadron, of which our vessel formed a part, consisted of the Majestic, the Pinion, and the Tenedoz.

Early in the Spring of 1815, we were relieved by the Endymion frigate, and we left the squadron and went to New London, (on the New London River,) to Tarpolion Cove, where we anchored. We took in water, and bought twenty-one head of cattle and took them on board the ship.

While we were lying there we heard the guns firing, and the captain came on deck and dashed down his hat thereon, and said: "D—m! that ship is out!" (meaning the President frigate.)

We got under way. It was dusk in the evening, and the lighthouse was not lit up, and, consequently, we got on a rock. We were ordered by the lieutenant of the deck to clew up the fore and the main sails and the topgallion sail; which was done. The captain gave orders immediately to set those sails, as there was a fresh breeze blowing, and ordered every man to take a twenty-four pound shot and run forward, and, by us so doing, the vessel plunged off the rock. By that time the lighthouse had thrown out its light, and the ship had sprung a leak.

The next afternoon we were in the Gulf, where we took a ship that was bound for the West Indies, and which was laden with provisions. While we were exchanging and putting men to take charge of her, to carry her into port, a storm came on and increased very fast in violence. We had barely time to hoist our boats in again. While some men were hoisting in and securing the boats, others were reefing sails; some were at the pumps, and some were battening down the hatchway. It was with great difficulty we could secure the ship, the storm raged so fiercely. It lasted nearly forty-eight hours. We had to kill all the cattle.

When we arrived at Bermuda, we found that the prize we had taken had got in before us; and we saw the President frigate, and the Endymion, lying in the harbor. Both were dismasted, and both looked as if they had been engaged in a hard fight. Commodore Decator commanded the President when she was taken. I saw them sail from Bermuda for England, under jury-masts. The First-Lieutenant of the Endymion frigate went in the President, as prize-master.

Soon after this, we were ordered to return to England. When we arrived at Spithead, Portsmouth, we received orders from the Admiral to paint our frigate, and fit her in the style of a yacht, to take the Duchess Angeline, Louis the Eighteenth's niece, with her retinue, to France. When this had been accomplished, the Duchess

presented half-a-guinea each to all the boat's crew, which was a very acceptable present to many of us.

After landing the Duchess, we returned to Spithead, and there received orders to proceed up to Woolwich, where the ship was to be discharged. This occurred in 1816.

When we were discharged, the Government ordered that a brig should go to Plymouth, and take as many discharged sailors as would consent to go there. Idle sailors were very numerous just then, owing to the crews of many ships having been recently discharged, as one result of the conclusion of peace. I, for one, embarked on board the brig and went to Plymouth. When I arrived at Plymouth, I found great distress among sailors at that place, there being so many of them doing nothing.

I was a stranger in the place, and, an opportunity soon offering, I volunteered to join the Mosquito man-of-war. I embraced the opportunity with alacrity. The ship was to go to Cape Horn, for three years. On my first joining the vessel, I was entered as one of the boat's crew.

Whilst lying at Plymouth, there were other ships anchored there ; one of being the Belorophon, the Commodore-ship of the squadron. One morning she made signal for all the captains of the squadron to assemble on board of her, to witness punishment, as was the custom in the navy at that time ; all vessels had to witness capital punishment. Therefore, our captain brought his vessel near to the ship on which the death-penalty was to be exacted ; and his example was imitated by the other captains. When we got near] the place of punishment, I looked to the poop-deck of the ship, and saw Napoleon Bonaparte standing there, attired in military costume ; and, about ten minutes afterwards, a gun was fired, and a doomed offender was run up to the yardarm amid the smoke ; and there hung until he was dead. I did not hear for what crime he was punished ; but he was one of the crew of the

Belorophon, and had committed some crime, the penalty of which was death. That was the ship that carried Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena.

After the scene I have mentioned, we started from Plymouth for Liverpool. In the brig, I was stationed as a maintop-man. On our way to Liverpool, we stopped at the Rocks of Scylla a few days. While we were there a severe storm arose, and the captain signalled for a pilot, who guided us out. After we got clear from danger, we furled our topsail, which we closely reefed, and set our storm-staysail and laid-to the ship. The storm lasted a long while, and the vessel began to drift on to the leeshore. On Sunday morning, at four o'clock, the watch was called. The morning was very cold, the month being December. Orders were given to pass the lead-line, to take soundings, that we might know our whereabouts. As my station was in the mainchains, I received a coil of the line in my hand and passed it forward to the next man, and he passed it forward to the next, and so onward, until it got to the forward-deck, to be fastened to the lead. I had my arm in the main-rattlings, where I stood, and, the ship rolling very much in the storm, the rattlings gave way, and I went overboard with a coil of the lead-line in my hand. The man at the forechain held firmly the line that he had, and called out, "Hold fast, my sweet fellow!" I held fast; and a rope was thrown to me, which I seized, and the sailors began to draw me in. By the time they got me half-way up, my arm gave out and I was obliged to let go my hold; and as I let go, I cried out, "Oh! my God." I had hold of nothing, so I went under water. When I again got my head above water, as I was a good swimmer I kept myself afloat, and soon I perceived the bight of the mainsheet hanging down to the water through the sheave-hole, by a quarter; and as the ship rolled to windward it brought the bight of the mainsheet within my reach. I hove my right arm over it, as it dipped into the

sea, and, as the vessel rolled again, she lifted me out of the water ; and as she came back to windward again, I hove my leg over the bight and held fast, and, rousing me up on the sheet, the men dragged me through the porthole. Had it not been for the mercy of God, I should have lost my life, as the ship was not making any headway, but was drifting bodily to leeward.

We arrived at Liverpool without any further misadventure, and remained there for a period of three weeks ; and when the ship was ready to sail on her three years' cruise, I availed myself of an opportunity to go on shore, and then—I deserted, and remained in Liverpool. Sailors, there, were very numerous ; so numerous, indeed, that they were not all able to obtain work on board of the ships then lying in the Mersey ; and soup-kitchens were opened to keep the men from starvation. I, fortunately, fell in with a person who kept a laundry. She was poor, and her name was Jane Price. She resided in Preston street. She kindly proposed to lodge me if I would turn the mangle. I accepted her offer, as I, at that time, had but one shirt, and an old jacket with holes in the sleeves. When Saturday night came, she made me go to bed, while she washed my shirt, that I could go clean to church on the Sunday morning. I used to go to Zion Chapel, a Methodist place of worship, situate in William Square. At one time I got a few days' work at the Prince Regent Dock, in wheeling mud, at the wage of eighteen pence a day. During the days when my protectress had nothing for me to do, I would walk about, looking for employment, and was sometimes very hungry. I gladly embraced every means that presented itself of earning a sixpence honestly, so that I might get something to eat, as they could not afford to victual me at the house where I slept. Sometimes I got a chance to help to fill a cart or wagon with manure ; and by such labor I earned something. At length I got into such a poor state, that I thought I should perish for the want of sufficient sustenance. In

this condition I was one day walking along Lord street, when I saw a venerable-looking lady, in a butcher's shambles, dressed in black with a widow's cap on her head. Two ladies, her daughters, stood at a desk, writing ; and the elderly lady at the block, serving customers with meat. I went into the shambles, and, leaning against the wall, I remained in that position until the lady had got through serving her customers. She then came to me, and said : " My little man, what do you want ? " I told her I was a stranger, and far from home, and that I was hungry and wanted something to eat. She asked me where my home was ; and I told her I was born in the West Indies, and that I went to London in a ship and was pressed and put on board a man-of-war. I told her I had been discharged since peace was proclaimed, and that I was not able to get any employment. When she had heard my statement, she told me to go through the shambles and direct the servant-girl to come to her. When the servant appeared, she was told to set something out on the table, of which I could eat. After I had eaten of the food put before me, I was told that the lady desired to speak with me again ; and I went to her. She gave me sixpence to pay for my lodgings and told me to come to her again the next morning, and not to go anywhere else but to her for my food. I did as she told me, and waited upon her the next morning.

CHAPTER V.

The kind lady, who, as I have shown, commiserated my forlorn and destitute condition, took a warm interest in serving me. She recommended me to her customers, and sought to obtain their goodwill and influence in endeavors to procure for me employment. She occasionally sent me out with meat to those who had ordered it, and in the discharge of this trust I received small presents, which I husbanded carefully, and soon had the amount of half-a-guinea. I have very strong reasons for remembering the name of the lady, from the fact that the servant had placed on the table, for me to eat, a piece of a calf's head, and remarked that she knew that would suit me, as the good lady who had befriended me was named "Mrs. Calf."

I was thus circumstanced, when the mistress of the house where I slept, and who was truly solicitous for my welfare, commended me to the good offices of a Scotch pedler, who carried around the town ready-made clothing, receiving payment therefor by installments from his customers of a small sum weekly. He consented to serve me, and I bargained with him for a suit of clothes, paying at the time the half-guinea I had saved, and agreeing to discharge the balance of the cost by weekly payments.

Being now fittingly attired, Mrs. Calf spoke of me at the auction room of Taylor & Pennington, who expressed a wish to see me. Accordingly I went to them, and obtained employment.

I felt quite proud in my new suit. My elbows were no longer exposed, and I could attend church on a Sunday without being

ashamed of my appearance. I was not in rags nor wretched-looking. I was regular in my attendance at church every Sabbath, and was invited to the Sabbath School, and I began to attend there. After evening meeting, members were accustomed to assemble at private houses, to hold prayer-meetings. I was invited to these meetings, and I attended them, also.

Sometime after this, Lorenzo Dow, (who is well known in America,) and Dolatha Ripply, a preacher of the Gospel, came to Liverpool and preached in the church at which I attended. The text was from 2 Kings, iv. 40. "Oh thou man of God, there is death in the pot." Those who have read the preacher's life, know that he was eccentric in the extreme in his discourse and habits. On the occasion of which I here speak, he told his hearers that if they loved their bellies better than they loved their God, they might go to their dinner when the bell was rung, or else meet him at twelve o'clock at noon, and he would conclude in time for them to go to their work on Monday morning. This happened in the year 1817.

After I had been some time connected with the church, a man, named Campbell, came to me. He was a member of the church, and was agent for works at the Staffordshire Potteries. He asked me how I would like to take a trip to the Isle of Man, to collect bills and receive orders for crockery ware. He had but lately returned from that place, where he had left many sums uncollected. I was not averse to the undertaking, and, on my so expressing myself, he imparted to me much information concerning the island and its people, and gave me instructions for my conduct and course whilst there. He told me that if I chose to remain on the island as auctioneer, he would supply me with crockery to any amount, on the mutual understanding that the profits were to be equally divided. On my part, if I agreed to the arrangement, I was to purchase on the island, pork, and send it to him at Liverpool. He also furnished me with an introduction to a gentleman,

a resident of the island, to whom he recommended me strongly. The name of the gentleman to whom I was recommended was George Redfern, who resided on Duke street, in Douglas 'on the Isle of Man. He gave me the bills to be collected on the island, and consigned to my care, and placed at my disposal, six crates of valuable ware.

Thus was the current of my career changed. I entered Liverpool poor and friendless, humanly speaking : I left it, respectable and respected. This change in my social condition, I can only attribute—in reviewing at this distant date the events of my youth—to the watchful care of a merciful Providence. I there found kind friends, the remembrance of whose goodness to me I still cherish ; and I there found prudent advisers, by whose Christian counsels I hope I have profited.

CHAPTER VI.

After an affectionate leave-taking on the part of my friends and well-wishers, I went on board the packet *Douglas*, belonging to Mr. Barrows, of the Isle. On my arrival at Douglas, I at once proceeded to Mr. Redfern's, and introduced myself by producing the letter to him with which I had been favored. The gentleman received me courteously and made arrangements for my accommodation. He placed a horse at my service, and furnished me with letters of introduction to prominent citizens at Castletown, a place about ten miles from Douglas.

I then landed my crates of crockery, and afterwards I called upon creditors and presented their bills. I was fortunate in effecting payments and in securing orders for fresh goods.

After this I went to Peel, which is twelve miles from Castletown; and at this place, also, I fully accomplished my errand.

Thence I went to Ramsey, which is sixteen miles from Peel; and my mission there was successful beyond my most sanguine expectations.

These duties performed, I returned from Peel to Douglas, after supplying orders to the extent of my ability. Having a small part of my stock still on hand, I went to the public market and sold the ware by auction.

After I had thus disposed of the whole of my stock, I consulted with Mr. Redfern as to the prudence of my taking an auction room. An auctioneer was located on the island when I arrived there; but Mr. Redfern thought I should act judiciously in opening a

room as I proposed, and establishing myself in business there as a general auctioneer. He said, he thought there was business enough for two in the same line. According, I engaged a large room that had been used as an assembly room.

After doing this, I returned to Liverpool and rendered to Mr. Campbell a statement of accounts, and detailed every step of my proceedings in the execution of his commission. My statements pleased him; and it was decided that I should go again to the Isle of Man, on the terms before agreed upon, namely, to receive as my share one-half of the profits of the enterprize. Before my departure I had pleasant interviews with kind friends, and I carried with me cordial wishes for my welfare and prosperity.

I again arrived in Douglas, and at once proceeded to business. I circulated handbills throughout the length and breadth of the island, being determined that my avocation and location should be fully and widely known, as the first step to success in my undertaking.

At the time of which I write,—and probably they are the same now, for the people of Man do not readily change in manners or customs,—the laws of the island forbade that any hawker or peddler should hawk, peddle or sell, any imported goods, without license. I had no license, and I neglected to procure one; but I made much money, in part by disposing of the effects of persons giving up housekeeping or changing their residence. I think I did more business than the other auctioneer, whose name was Twing.

After I had been some time on the island, I became intimate with a tallow-chandler, of the name of Kelly. He also carried on the business of a soap-maker.

Mr. Barrows, who was a merchant in Douglas, and the owner of the packet that plied between the Isle of Man and Liverpool, imported from the latter place a quantity of soap and candles, and instructed me to sell the goods by auction. I had placards printed

and distributed, announcing such sale, which began at the time named. But I had not been on my stand, engaged in selling the lots, above half an hour, when the sheriff came among the crowd and bid off some of the candles. After he had received and paid for them, he inquired of me if I had a license. I replied that I had not ; and, suspecting his motive in asking the question, I desisted from selling. I told the man who was assisting me to look after the goods in my absence, and made my way to the hotel, and ordered my pony to be brought to the door ; but, just as I was about to mount it, the sheriff advanced to me, and said : " Stop ! You must come along with me." I concluded he held a warrant against me and that refusal would be productive of no good in its result. I quietly submitted to his authority. He took me along with him, and also took possession of the unsold goods I had advertised. I was conducted to the lock-up, what was then commonly called the " coal-hole,"—and a coal-hole, indeed, it was ; it was too filthy for the habitation of the meanest animal.

Mr. Barrows had a brother-in-law residing in the town, whose name was Roskill. I sent for him, and requested he would bail me out. He consented, and went to the Judge, who is called, on the Isle of Man, the " Deemster." The Judge told him he could not receive bail for me until I was delivered up to the Castle which is the head-seat of the government, in Castletown.

In conversation I afterwards had with the Sheriff, I endeavored to prevail upon him to employ as many men as he thought fit to take charge of me ; to remove me to his house, or some other place ; and I entreated him not to let me remain a single night in the hole in which I then was. My appeals to him were fruitless for some time. At length, however, being, as he said, somewhat acquainted with me in Douglas, and knowing that I had an auction-room at that place, he, on certain conditions and at the risk, he affirmed, of losing his office, consented to let me out and permit me

to go home, on my pledging my word to conform to certain stipulations, and to surrender myself to the authorities when required to do so.

This occurred on a Tuesday. One of the conditions of my release was, that I was to go, on the morning of the following Thursday, and deliver myself up to the turnkey at the Castle. I said I would go the next morning, if required ; but he said, Thursday would be soon enough. I promised to comply. He released me, and took me round by a back way to the hotel, that I might get my pony. This time I succeeded in mounting, and when in my seat I started for Douglas. On my arrival there I went to Mr. Barrows, and informed him of what had occurred ; and he waited upon Mr. Redfern and solicited his advice. The course decided upon, was, that Mr. Redfern would go with me to Castletown, and become bail for me when I surrendered myself to the authorities agreeably to my promise.

On the Thursday morning we took horse and proceeded at a swift pace to Castletown. I sought the turnkey, and told him that I had been arrested by the sheriff, at Ramsey, for selling without a license, but had been released ; and that, having pledged my word to deliver myself up to him, the turnkey, on that day, I had come thither to redeem my promise. The turnkey said, in the presence of Mr. Redfern, that he had received no instructions in regard to me, and that, without instructions, he durst not undertake to detain me. He was firm in his refusal.

Mr. Redfern and myself went back to Douglas, and I went on with my business. On thinking over the matter, I was almost inclined to believe that the sheriff, on consenting to my release, had little, if any, hope of my surrender,—and, in all likelihood, he did not at the time desire it.

About three weeks after this I had a very extensive sale of furniture and crockery at my saleroom. As I was about to begin the

sale, the sheriff came and informed me that he had a warrant for me to appear in court in Castletown. The next day I made my appearance at the court-house. The constable tapped me on the shoulder, as I was passing under the archway to go into court, and told me I must come with him. He delivered me to the turnkey, who asked me to be seated, and said I would be called up in a few minutes. As he had said, I was soon called for. I went in, and was formally charged with selling goods without a license. Mr. Barrows had engaged a lawyer to defend me; but the case was postponed, and I heard no more of it until the sheriff served an execution upon me for four pounds and fifteen shillings. Mr. Barrows paid the amount, and the goods that were seized for security were returned to me. I then immediately applied for a license, which cost four pounds and ten shillings.


After this, my business increased rapidly. I labored with assiduity at my calling, not so much on account of my own gains, as to justify the confidence Mr. Campbell had shown in my business capacity and integrity. Of that gentleman I shall have more to say in the next chapter

CHAPTER VII.

It was my habit, while at the Isle of Man, to have sales of crockery at my room on Saturdays. On that day families flocked into the town with their country produce. I invested the proceeds of my sales in the purchase of such produce, and filled my emptied crates with flitches of pork, etc. These I sent to Mr. Campbell, at Liverpool, who forwarded crockery to me in return.

When Mr. Campbell received supplies of ware from the Potteries, it was his practice, as I afterwards discovered, to repack the crates ; and, instead of forwarding to me the genuine printed invoices, he sent me written and false ones. By this proceeding he considerably increased his own share of the profits of our transactions. On some of the printed invoices, eighteen pieces were counted as a dozen. On Mr. Campbell's written invoices, twelve pieces only were counted as a dozen ; and this practice was continued for more than twelve months. It might have continued longer, had not a man arrived on the island who had brought with him from Liverpool some crates of crockery as a speculation. The contents of a few crates were disposed of in the market place, and the remainder of the crates were brought and offered for sale to me, as the importer was anxious to return to Liverpool. He offered them to me at the Potteries' prices, and produced the makers' invoices. I took the goods, and paid for them.

I then called upon Mr. Redfern and pointed out to him the discrepancy between the genuine and the fictitious invoices—between those of the manufacturers and those of Mr. Campbell.



As, up to this time, Mr. Campbell and myself had not had any adjustment or clear settlement of accounts, I was advised by Mr. Redfern not to send to him for any more crockery until he came to me himself, and a proper investigation of our accounts had been made to our mutual satisfaction.

I accordingly wrote to Mr. Campbell, requesting him to come to me, and directing him not to forward any more ware until after I had seen him. Imagine my surprise when, the week after, there were delivered to me six more crates forwarded by him.

I at once again wrote to the gentleman, and stated my resolve not to open the crates before I had seen him. At length he came to me.

In his presence, Mr. Redfern and myself had a thorough examination of the invoices, and compared the original with the spurious copies, and found numerous falsifications, to my detriment. We called in accountants, and had a more strict investigation; and the result was, I and Mr. Campbell dissolved partnership, he being allowed his just share of the profits of our joint transactions.

Thus terminated my connection with one who, I deem it but right to remark, had befriended me—who had developed within me, by his trustfulness, the desire and the determination to prove to him and to others that I was trustworthy; but who had been tempted by an inordinate love of gain to commit what may properly be termed a mean kind of fraud.

I was now acting on my own responsibility, and continued to sell goods by auction, importing crockery, when required, direct from the manufacturers.

At the time I was there, the Isle of Man was the favored resort of many British half-pay officers of the army and navy. When they arrived there, they would purchase little cottages, and then commence buying furniture from me. Some of them I would credit, and others had to pay cash on delivery. In this way I

traded with them, until an officer, whom I had trusted, left the island when he was indebted to me. He owed me eight pounds sterling ; and his conduct in this respect caused me to cease giving credit.

The farmers of the island, at that time, were in the habit of sending their sound wheat to Liverpool, receiving in return unsound wheat, which they disposed of for general home consumption. This incensed the people, and they threatened a riot. The Duke of Athol issued a proclamation ; and citizens were sworn to aid in preserving the peace. No serious disturbances, however, took place.

I remained on the island till January, 1821, when I closed my business career on the Isle of Man and returned to Liverpool. Though I was subjected to some few annoyances while on the Isle, my sojourn there was in the whole an agreeable one, and pleasant memories are associated with the spot.

CHAPTER VIII.

On my return to Liverpool I felt a strong desire to go to the West Indies, to see my parents. To accomplish this object, the only means of which I could then avail myself was to go to Boston. I went thither, having obtained a situation as steward on board the ship *Champion*. My contract was to do no other work but to attend to the cabin ; but, on the passage, I found I had to perform the work of a sailor, carpenter, and steward, through sheer necessity, as the ship encountered many storms and required much labor in her management.

When we left Liverpool for Boston, we were in company with the *Cortex*, *Pacific*, *New York*, of New York, and the *Triton*, of Boston. We all sailed in company together from Liverpool.

On our vessel we had a number of passengers. Among them were Mr. Clark, who was a dry goods merchant in Boston, somewhere about Kilby street ; Mr. Delias, also a merchant ; Mr. Baxter ; and Mrs. France, the wife of a foreman of a rope-walk.

On the day we left Liverpool, we encountered a violent storm. We shipped two or three seas on the deck, one of which drove the hog-pen to leeward and struck the carpenter of the ship on the breast so violently that he said he was unable to attend to his duty during the rest of the voyage.


When we had been twelve days at sea we encountered another storm, and shipped many seas. One swell struck the ship so rudely as to wrench off her rudder-head. The next sea she shipped tore the whole of the rudder from the sternposts and caused the ship to spring a leak. The passengers, as well as the deck hands, were

called to the pumps. I went down into the cabin and cut away the lanyard that secured the table over the hatch. I got it up and put my head down in the run, and heard the water pouring in. I called to Captain Lewis and told him the ship had sprung a leak in the stern. We had fifty bushels of potatoes to remove before we could get at the leak. In all our distress the carpenter would not render the least assistance ; so I had to take the saw, the chisel, and the mallet, and go down into the run to remove the knees that the leak could be got to. I succeeded in stopping five boltholes. I then told Captain Lewis, that, as he had a second steward under me, if he would allow him to attend to the cabin I would use the broad axe, and we would see what could be done in making a rudder. The captain said he would see about it. We had on board about sixty fathoms of cable, and this we endeavored to make answer the purpose of a rudder ; but we were not able to steer the ship with it.

The next morning Captain Lewis called me on deck and ordered the men to take a topmast from under the long bolt, and bring it on the quarter deck. When this was done, I took tools out of the carpenter's chest, and lined the spar and began to hew it. The captain, seeing that I could use the broad axe so well, smiled, and seemed much pleased. I continued to work at my task until the rudder was finished ; and it took some twelve or fourteen days to do this. When it was completed, we took an anvil and an anchor and made a tripping-line to lower down the rudder perpendicularly, so as to bring it up through the rudder-hole. We got the rudder shipped securely, and we then pursued our voyage.

We fell in with the New York, and spoke her. Mr. Baxter felt a desire to leave us and go on board the New York, which he did, and that was the last we saw of him.

We continued to meet with storms, and the rudder got unshipped three different times.



Captain Lewis had thought of making for Newfoundland, as our course was directed that way. He went up the mizzen rigging, and cried out that he felt chilly. On looking to windward he saw a lot of icebergs floating towards us. Orders were given to put up helm, and the ship wore round. Soon after we saw what I may call a mountain of icebergs close upon us. Had this occurred in the night, our position would have been very perilous.

When the ship wore round, her head was then towards Boston, and we went along with a stiff breeze, flowing sheets and yards nearly square, until twelve o'clock, when it became calm. The mate went down to the cabin, and told the captain that a perfect calm prevailed and the sails were all flapping against the mast. As my berth was near the door, I could always hear what was passing within the cabin. The captain went on deck and directed that the yards should be braced round. When I heard the order given, I jumped up and went to the mainmast, and took hold of the braces to brace the yards. The captain had scarcely ceased issuing his orders when a whirlwind struck the ship, carrying away her mainyards and heaving her on her leebeam, and for a few minutes she remained in that position. The captain hurried to the weather side, and exclaimed, "My God! my God! we are gone!" I crawled on my hands and knees to the carpenter's tool chest, and got an axe, and crept up to windward in the mainchains, so that, in case the ship did not soon right, I could cut away the lan-yards, which sustained the shroud, and thereby let the mainmast go overboard; but, fortunately, the ship righted. This was the last time the rudder got unshipped.

After the violence of the storm was somewhat abated, we took the rudder on board, and unreeved the topsail sheet, and made lower guys for the rudder, to brace it to the original standpost, as the guy that we had before used to chafe and break. We then rigged it out again, and spliced our mainyards with the last

topgallant boom that we had. On that day we fell in with a ship from Boston. We spoke her, and asked if she had any spare spars. They reply was, that they had none to spare, as they, like ourselves, had experienced bad weather. We had therefore to pursue our way to Boston as we could, and finally arrived there. We had no pilot, until we got near Long Island, near the entrance of the harbor, when one came on board. We arrived at the side of Long Wharf on April 1st, 1821. When we arrived at the wharf, Captain Lewis called to a man of the name of Carter, whom he saw standing there, to bring his men a bag of bread. The order was a welcome one to us, as we had been living on scant allowance some time. The ship's carpenter came on deck, dressed as well as any of the passengers; he seemed as though he ailed nothing, and went on shore.

We heard that the Triton had arrived fifteen days before us, with her bulwarks shattered. She had experienced the effects of very severe gales. We were told that the underwriters had offered by advertisement a reward of six hundred dollars to any pilot who would board the ship Champion, of Boston, which was three leagues out at sea, and bring her into harbor; and they offered, also, twenty dollars a man, to every man, not exceeding twenty, who should aid in bringing her in. The captain and his crew received the awards, and they well deserved them. In addition, the captain was presented with a silver table-set, valued at six hundred dollars. Mr. Hunt, of Boston, who was first-mate, was presented with a sextant: and the crew received twenty dollars each, besides their wage.

I went to Mr. Winslow Lewis, to receive my wages, which he paid me, and gave me, in addition, twenty-five dollars, which sum the insurance agent had told him to pay to me. I told him that were I not a stranger in Boston, I would not take that sum, as I considered that the services I had rendered merited, at the least, a

hundred dollars, independent of my services as steward. I spoke plainly, for I felt keenly.

I suppose my extemporized and memorable rudder is still to be seen in the Museum at Boston, along with many other objects of interest pertaining to ships.

I have dwelt upon some of the incidents of my voyage from Liverpool to Boston, perhaps to a greater length than to landmen may appear necessary. If I have expatiated, I am fully conscious that I have not exaggerated, and that the perils of the deep can never be faithfully depicted by pen or pencil.

CHAPTER IX.

The events narrated, in conjunction with occurrences I now proceeded to detail, somewhat abated the desire I had previously felt to proceed at once to the Indies.

I had only been a few days in Boston, when I entered the service of old Captain Sam. Parkinson, who resided in Bowdoin Square. After remaining some time with him, I went to Cambridge, and there I married.

After my marriage I had some thoughts of resuming my old trade of carpenter. A widow lady, named Mrs. Gilman, who kept a boarding-house for students, wanted some work doing, and sent for me to estimate for it. I made an estimate, and was told to call again. After she had obtained my estimate, she sent for the head carpenter of the place, whose name was Chamberlain, and got him to make an estimate of the cost of the same work. His calculation was for one hundred feet of lumber more than I had reckoned, and three dollars more for work than the sum I had named; the lady, consequently, offered me the work, and I did it.

After I had finished this work, a colored man, named Adam Lewis, engaged me to finish off a house that he had in course of completion.

When this job was finished I was out of employment; and as Mr. Chamberlain monopolized almost the entire work in his line in Cambridge, I applied to him for employment. His reply was, that his help would not work with a colored man, and, therefore

he could not give me employment. I found I had to do the best I could to get an honest living ; and I went to the college to seek employment—to do chores for the students, such as lighting fires, blacking boots, carrying water, and such like offices.

The name of the College President was Kirkling, and the name of the steward of the college was Higgins.

The first gentlemen who employed me, were Mr. Jerome Bonaparte (son of the formerly Miss Patterson), and Mr. Thomas Halstead, of Georg . Many gentlemen from Boston, also, employed me ; some of whom are residing there at this day. Rev. Dr. Lothrop was another gentleman I used to work for.

I remained in this position till 1823, when I removed to Boston and applied to some of my acquaintances for their aid in my endeavors to obtain employment as a waiter, or as an attendant on parties. Mingo Williams was a caterer in Boston in those days ; and Thomas Dalton and Henry Thacker were waiters.

Before long I opened a small barber-shop in Essex street, and sometimes I had parties to wait upon and attend.

In 1824, General Lafayette came to Boston to lay the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument ; which ceremonial I had the pleasure of witnessing. Mr. Webster delivered the oration.

Among other things, I was accustomed to do the marketing for Mr. Searles, a widower, up to 1826, when I received a message from Concord, Mass., to go thither and assist a barber in his business during court week. Whilst engaged there, I made inquiries of visitors, whether any of them knew of a village where I could open a shop, on my own account, with a fair prospect of ultimate success.

A Deputy-Sheriff, of the name of John Kimble, from Lowell, informed me that if I would go to Lowell and settle there, he would ensure me a good run of business. I told him I would go over to Lowell when the court had concluded its sittings ; and I did so.

At that time, Mr. Kimble kept the Belvidere, in Lowell, and he allowed me to ply my calling in his bar-room until I could procure a shop to suit me. I hired one, ere long, and occupied it some time.

After my stay in Lowell, I went to New York city, and was engaged in steam-boating, with Captain Jake Vanderbilt, brother of Commodore Vanderbilt, who was commodore of the line belonging to Mr. William Gibbins, of Bottle Hill, near New Jersey. The steamers of this line ran from New York, to New Brunswick.

I continued at this employment until the line was sold to Mr. John Stevens. When the sale had been effected, Captain Vanderbilt put on a steamer called the Citizen, on his own account and on his own responsibility. His line was called the Dispatch Line, and its traffic was from New York to Philadelphia.

After this event, I was for a brief period out of employment. I went to Mr. Hudson, at the corner of Essex and Chamber street, and asked for a situation. After I had replied to a few questions, I was told to go to No. 27, Chatham street, and address myself to a gentleman there, called Chinque. I went to the place, and was invited to enter, and I went in. I was asked if I were capable of taking care of an elderly gentleman, an invalid, who was in his 84th year. He described to me the character of the gentleman, whose title and name were Governor John Jay—the treaty signer. He resided in Bedford, Westchester, at his homestead there. I was asked what my terms would be; and I answered, twenty dollars a month. My interrogator said he was not authorized to exceed an offer of fifteen dollars. On hearing that statement I turned to go away, but he called me back and inquired what were the lowest terms I would accept. I replied that I would take seventeen dollars a month; and that, if they should like me, and I liked the place, I would engage to serve for a period, not less than twenty months. On these conditions I went. In my new position

I had pleasure in giving satisfaction. My employers seemed gratified with the care I took of my charge ; but the place was not to my liking, and I remained at it only six months. They parted from me with reluctance, and at my departure the Governor took my hand and shook it warmly. He said I could return to him at any time within three months, provided my prospects in the interval were not satisfactory to me. On my leaving him, he gave me a letter to his son, Richard Jay, Esq., a resident of New York city.

On my arrival in the city, I took the letter, and went to Mr. Jay and presented it. He opened the letter, and said : "Levy, you have left Pa?" I said, "Yes, sir ;" and he continued : "I am sorry for this, both on his account and on yours. He has been satisfied with you ; indeed, so well has he been satisfied, that he has had a codicil in your favor added to his will, by the provisions of which, if you had remained with him and outlived him, you would have been entitled at his death to the sum of a thousand dollars." He also said the members of the family had agreed, in such case, to make me, in addition, a handsome present.

CHAPTER X.

When I returned to New York, the Boston sloop-of-war was lying in the harbor, and they were shipping men to go up the Mediterranean Sea. Mr. George W. Storer commanded the vessel, and he wanted me to enter the sloop as an ordinary seaman, at the wage of ten dollars a month, with the privilege of the barber's berth. I accepted the offer.

We sailed from New York on the 29th of June, 1830, with Commodore Porter and Mr. George Porter, his nephew, on board.

When we arrived at Gibraltar, we heard that Algiers had been taken by the French.

Thence we proceeded to Fort Mahone, at that time a British naval station; and from there we proceeded to Algiers, where Commodore Porter remained a few days, so that we had an opportunity of seeing the havoc and destruction that had been committed at the place. From Algiers we returned to Port Mahone; and then went to Gibraltar with despatches. After leaving Gibraltar we sailed to Tangiers, and there landed Mr. George Porter, the American consul. We then went to Tripoli; and, passing by Elba in our course, we thence sailed to Naples.

We remained thirty days at Naples, and from that place we went to Syracuse. Here I went on shore and accompanied a party to Dionycius' cave.

We left Commodore Porter at Syracuse, and then returned to Port Mahon, where we received orders from the commodore-ship to proceed, with the frigate *Constitution*, to Malta.

From Malta, we went to Smyrna; and, through the Archipelago,

nt to Milo and Antamilo. We then visited the islands of
e; and at Napladelama we saw the Temple of Minerva.
en returned to Smyrna.

ing our stay at Smyrna, the sloop-of-war, John Adams, com-
d by Captain Perry, with Commodore Porter on board,
y and signalled us, as the sloop was conveying the commo-
o Constantinople.

hat time the cholera was raging at Smyrna; about a hun-
eaths occurring daily on shore. On account of this, the cap-
ought it would be advisable, for the safety of his crew, to
away from the place; and he, therefore, took the vessel to
which place is eighteen miles from Smyrna. While there,
d a salute for the re-election of General Jackson. Every
lay we were engaged in whitewashing the vessel between
to keep her sweet and clean and healthy. By so doing, we
t a single case of sickness on board. The crew were often
shore, on a lovely island, where there was no human being
g. There they aired their hammocks and clothing during
; returning, at night, to the vessel.

started from the Archipelago, for Port Mahone. We spoke
erican brig on the way, which gave us notice of an island,
Graham's Island, coming up out of the sea, opposite Mount
oli, in a certain latitude and longitude. We steered for
ce, and saw the island. At the place where the island rose,
ter was eighty fathoms deep. The water was boiling all
the Island. We left it and went on for Mahone. There
eived orders to go to Marseilles. Whilst we were lying
seilles, some of our crew went ashore and got intoxicated.
ptain offered a reward for them to be brought on board.
ns-d'armes, (which I interpret Police Officers), brought the
board in a boat. The men fell on the officers, as they
eing brought, and the two parties had a rough struggle.

Some of the officers were badly cut on the head. When the boat came near the ship the captain went to the assistance of the officers, and the men were brought on board. The officers returned to the shore, bleeding profusely from their wounds. Shortly afterwards, another officer, whose rank I did not ascertain, came and demanded the custody of the men who had committed the assault upon his subordinates. He demanded that they should be conveyed on shore and committed to French authority. Captain Storer demurred to this demand and refused to deliver up his men. He told the officer, that, whatever might be the amount of damage done, if the bill were brought on board it would be settled. He gave orders to the first lieutenant to load the guns, and to double-shot them. He then directed that the anchor should be weighed and the ship dropped below the fort. These orders were executed, and the ship was again brought to anchor. The determination of our captain evidently was, that, sooner than give up the men, he would have his ship sunk. The captain then went on shore and settled the affair with the authorities. He paid the fine, and deducted the amount thereof from the men's wages.

We then took on board fifty thousand dollars in specie, and sailed for Port Mahone. After cruising there some time, we received orders from the commodore to carry despatches to Lisbon, to the American consul there.

About that time, Don Pedro and Don Miguel were going to war. We remained at Lisbon, for the purpose of protecting the consul and other Americans at that place. We were visited by Don Miguel; and we braced the yards and fired a salute to receive him.

The Constitution frigate arrived from America to relieve us, and we went to Madeira, and thence to Calais, and afterwards returned to Port Mahone. There we received orders to proceed home, to America. We arrived at Boston in time to eat our Thanksgiving

dinner there, in November, 1832, after one of the most pleasant and agreeable of my sea cruises.

In December we stripped the ship, which then lay in Charleston navy yard, and the crew were discharged. On receiving my cheque, I went to the Mechanics' Bank and drew my money. In passing along Congress street, I bought a copy of "The Liberator," and from this sprung my interest in, and connection with, the Abolition movement,—a movement which, in God's providence, has illumined a page in the history of this country.

From Boston, I went to Lowell and commenced business. This was on January 1st, 1833. My brother-in-law and myself built a house there.

CHAPTER XI.

In 1834, considering myself fully acquainted with the subject in all its bearings, I began to discuss the question with my customers, in my shop at Lowell. I had read much and reflected deeply, and I was generally the victor in a battle of words. By this conduct I rendered myself obnoxious to the people to whom the question was distasteful. I felt proud of being a volunteer in the cause of freedom, and I had always a copy of the "Liberator" on my table.

In 1835, Mr. George Thompson came to Lowell, to deliver a series of lectures on the question of Slavery.

One of my customers, Mr. Jacob Robins, who is at this time well known in Lowell, frequently discussed the question with me, warmly. He was a Colonizationist. On the occasion of Mr. Thompson's visit to Lowell, Mr. Robins said to me: "Mr. Levy your brother, George Thompson, is coming to lecture; go and give him an invitation to come to your house, and we shall see if he comes." My reply was: "I well know the nature of an Englishman; and I am sure that, if the gentleman's engagements permit him to do so, he will accept an invitation from me."

After this conversation, I went to the house of R v. Mr. Pease, where I saw Mr. Thompson and introduced myself to him. I had an agreeable interview; and, in the course of an animated discussion, I told Mr. Thompson I should be happy to see him at my house, to take breakfast, or dinner or tea, if it was convenient to him to accept my invitation. In reply, Mr. Thompson named his engagements, and said they were such as would allow

him to take a cup of coffee with me at my house, on Tuesday evening, the evening on which he was to deliver his last lecture in Lowell. The evening arrived, and I sent a carriage to convey the gentleman to my dwelling, as the evening was a very unpleasant one. He came; but, by the time he arrived at my residence, placards were posted, inciting to mob violence.

While at coffee, I said to him: "Friend Thompson, do you think it prudent for you to attempt to lecture to-night at City Hall? You are perhaps aware that a resolve has been made to mob you and to resort to greater violence than was manifested at your last lecture, when a brick was thrown which fell at your side." He answered: "God helping, I go to my post." I added: "God helping, we go shoulder to shoulder." We entered the carriage and drove to the City Hall. The concourse of persons was large, people being there from other towns. As we got over the bridge they commenced shouting, "Here he comes, the English rascal! Limb him to pieces!" We drove through the throng to the Hall. When we approached, so dense was the crowd of mobocrats that the driver was unable to get near the building; the vehicle was completely hemmed in. We therefore descended from the carriage, and, arm in arm, pushed towards the door. Strange it was, but, as if an officer had given the command to a regiment of soldiers, open order was manœuvred, and we passed through the files as calmly and as unmolestedly as if we were inspecting a parade. Not a lisp, not a murmur did we hear, as we entered the Hall. On our entrance, William Levingston and Captain Swan, selectmen of Lowell at that time, requested Mr. Thompson and me to go into the anteroom. We went in, and Mr. Levingston, addressing Mr. Thompson, said: "Mr. Thompson, we granted you the use of this hall, in which to deliver three lectures, and though we do not agree with the principles you advocate, we would like to protect you and bring the mobocrats to justice, and, on this account we

are desirous that you should defer your lecture until to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock." Mr. Thompson said to them : " Gentlemen, I am under your jurisdiction, and I am obliged, in courtesy, to comply with your request ; but, if my own inclination were consulted, I would lecture to-night." Although the hall was densely crowded, the lecture was consequently postponed.

The next day, at three o'clock, we repaired to the Hall and found it again crowded. Mr. Thompson delivered the lecture, and was not molested.

CHAPTER XII.

In the month of December, 1835, I received a letter from the West Indies, which, when read, caused me to shed tears. In it was mentioned a beloved mother—a mother I had not seen for years. In that letter I was strongly urged to go to her ; even, it said, if I reached her in a state of poverty and destitution, I was to go. This appeal to my affection was irresistible. I received the letter on a Thursday, and on the following day I went to Boston. On my arrival there I made inquiries, and there was then in the harbor a vessel which was soon to sail for the Island of Martinique. I debated the subject in my own mind, and arrived at the conclusion that, in the present case, to go by way of Martinique was the route by which I could arrive at St. Thomas in the briefest period of time. I therefore went to Lombard & Whitmore, on Granite Wharf, and was at once engaged. I hurried back to Lowell and made hasty preparations for my departure. When I returned to Boston, there was then a vessel about to sail direct for St. Thomas. She was lying at Tea Wharf, and was consigned to Mr. Lock. I made application for a passage in this vessel, and was told that I could have one. I then went down to Granite Wharf, to Lombard and Whitmore's office, and stated to them my case ; I showed them my mother's letter, and asked them to release me from my engagement. They were disinclined to relinquish their hold of the effects I had on board ; but they finally consented. I then went to the vessel and got my things, and took them to Tea Wharf and left them in the care of Mr. Lock.

The vessel in which I contemplated taking passage was announced

to sail on the 1st of February, 1836, and I had some time for preparation. I went to Quincy Market and bought three half-barrels of pickled tongues, three half-barrels of mess pork, three of beef, and two of rounds of beef, as they were put up for that market. I also bought some butter, cheese, lard, and a quantity of cured fish, together with onions, beans, etc. The cost of the whole was about five hundred dollars. I paid the bill, on the understanding that the stores I had purchased were to be delivered on board the brig of which Captain Broton was commander.

After doing this, I returned to Lowell, and remained there until the time arrived for the sailing of the brig, when I proceeded again to Boston and went on board the vessel. I thus started on my voyage to St. Thomas, with my adventure.

My whole thoughts during the voyage was of my mother and in what state of health, and in what condition, I should find her. I often compared myself to the prodigal son mentioned in the Scriptures. I had not seen my mother even once during the interval between the years 1813 and 1836. In that time, from a boy, I had become a man.

When we arrived at the mouth of the harbor of St. Thomas, I dressed myself in a new suit of blue, preparatory to landing. The harbor-master came on board, according to custom, to inquire into the state of the vessel. When we had got in and had dropped our anchor, a boat came alongside, and I inquired of the boatman if he knew a woman named Hannah Levy. The man said he did know a woman of that name, and I then told him I would go on shore with him. I put two trunks into his boat, and had them and myself conveyed to land. When on shore, I told the boatman I should like to have the trunks carried to my mother's house, as, before going home, I had business to be attended to at the reporter's office, namely, to give in my name, and to state whether I intended to remain there or had come on shore merely as a

visitor. After doing this, I hurried off to find the residence of my parent. I passed a boy in the street and asked him if he knew where Mrs. Hannah Levy lived. He said he was going to her house and that he was an apprentice to Mr. William Levy. This William Levy was my brother, and he was a cooper by trade. When we had gone some distance, the boy said we were near my mother's residence ; " It is," said he, "round the corner, on the hill." I stopped, and asked him to go up and ascertain if anything had arrived there. As the boy rounded the corner and came in sight of the house, he saw a large concourse of people assembled there. Instead of going forward, he returned to me and said he thought the things had come, as he had seen a crowd of people at the house. I was immediately in tears ; but, wiping away the outward signs of my emotion, I screwed up my courage and went forward. As I hove in sight of the house, I heard the exclamation, " He comes !" The piazza, I saw, was thronged, but, as I drew nigh, the crowd opened right and left, and I passed onward and was before my mother. She stood at the doorway, attired in white. She clasped me in her arms, but was so overcome by her feelings that she could only utter the words, " My God ! my God !"

You may imagine, dear reader, the joy of a fond mother ; a son long lost, was restored to her. She had been sick some days before my arrival, but my presence seemed to renew at once her health and vivacity.

How sweet is the reunion of a mother and her long-absent child ! The tongue cannot express, neither can the pen depict it.

When I reached home, my relatives were not all present. I had three sisters ; one of whom was with my mother when I arrived at St. Thomas ; two, as it was supposed, was at Nevis ; and one was in Antigua. At the time I entered the house, the sister who had been staying with my mother was out on a visit to her cousins, and a servant was sent to inform her of my arrival. On receiving the

news, she eagerly asked, "Caroline, how does he look?" and the servant replied, "He looks like a perfect gentleman." She came quickly, and was so overjoyed and affected on seeing me, whom she had supposed to be lost to her family, as they had not seen me during a period of twenty-three years, that she fell sick and was confined to her bed several days.

Many visitors came to see and welcome me home, and some of them were former schoolmates; but my school, since I had last seen them, had been the world, and I had experienced the discipline of stern teachers. These companions in my youthful days kept Bachelors' Hall, and they cordially gave me an invitation to call and see them at their establishment. I accepted the invitation, and spent an afternoon with them very pleasantly. Their hall was sumptuously furnished and handsomely decorated. A beautiful circular table stood in the centre of the principal apartment, on which was a variety of wines and spirits, and a plentiful supply of cigars. On taking seats around the table, they offered a cigar, which I accepted. The gentlemen then helped themselves freely to their favorite liquors. As for myself, I poured from the gurglet—not brandy, but the pure element—and filled a tumbler with water. When they saw this, one of my entertainers said: "Mr. Levy, are you not going to take something stronger than water?" My reply to the question was: "Gentlemen, I shall enjoy myself as much with this tumbler of water, as you can enjoy yourselves with your tumblers of brandy." On hearing this, they burst into a laugh, and said, "Ah! you are from Temperance America." I replied: "Yes; and, gentlemen, you cannot laugh me into a disregard of my principles." We had a comfortable and agreeable gathering, although I preserved my integrity and drank nothing stronger than water. This meeting had a salutary effect on one of the members present, and he afterwards abandoned his former habits of dissipation.

Congratulations being received and visits returned, I proceeded to business in the disposal of the adventure I had taken out.

I remained at St. Thomas three weeks, when I heard of the arrival of a vessel from Nevis, called the Schooner, and commanded by Captain Reep, of Nevis. I was acquainted with him when I was a boy; but when I again met him, he was a gray-headed old man. He had brought down with him from Nevis, some ladies as passengers. They were staying at a certain hotel, and, as I was anxious to see the captain, I went to the hotel and inquired for him. In answer to my inquiry, a lady entered the hall and said, "That is a Levy's voice." I told her that it certainly was. She then said, "Is that you, Jack?" I answered: "It is. But you have the advantage of me, ma'am." "Don't you know me?" she asked. "Don't you remember Mrs. Hurlbert—your brother served his apprenticeship with my husband, in Nevis?" We sat down, and I had some conversation with her and with other ladies from Nevis and Barbadoes. I then left them and went in search of Captain Reep. I went on board his vessel and found him. He was very glad to see me. In the course of conversation, I asked of him when he intended to sail to Nevis, as I intended to take passage with him and to give him some freight. He said he intended to sail in a few days.

CHAPTER XIII.

Having decided to go to Nevis, I lost no time in preparing for the voyage. I called on Mr. Eldridge, an American merchant, and informed him of my errand to Nevis. I told him I wanted some things to carry with me, by the profits of which I could clear my expenses. He said I could have anything I wanted, and I might pay for them on my return. This was in the early part of March, 1836.

The goods I selected, on the offer of Mr. Eldridge, were, fifteen barrels of flour, a dozen boxes of soap, a dozen boxes of candles and various other articles, which I sent on board the vessel. The day of departure arrived, and I embarked for the scenes of my childhood.

When we came within sight of the Island of Nevis, I felt inexpressible pleasure at the thought of again treading the land of my nativity. I had been led to anticipate that I should find two of my sisters on the island; but Mrs. Hurlbert, who was on her return thither, informed me that when she left the island, there was only one of my sisters, at that time, at Nevis, and that one was my sister Fanny, who, Mrs. Hurlbert said, was a widow. My sister Judith, I was also told, was in America. When we drew near the harbor, we sailed past the house where my sister resided, and we saw her looking from the house towards the vessel, as we swept by. She knew the vessel, and as Mrs. Hurlbert was a particular friend of hers, her attention would probably have been more particularly directed to us, had she known that this lady was a passenger.

When the vessel was anchored, Mr. Hurlbert came alongside, in his own boat, to convey his wife to shore. I intimated to Mrs. Hurlbert that I intended to surprise her husband, and that I did not wish her to introduce me to him. We were all on deck, when his boat came alongside the vessel. Addressing Mrs. Hurlbert, he said: "Well, wife, you have got back," and, as he said so, I began to salute him with some of his usual phrases that I had remembered from boyhood. He looked at me, in a state of astonishment and perplexity; but he failed to recognize me. I said to him, "Can I go on shore with you?" and he replied, "Certainly, sir." When we were in the boat, I said to Mr. Hurlbert: "Do you remember learning William Levy his trade?" and the gentleman, still wearing a look of perplexity, simply answered, "Yes." To relieve his evident embarrassment, I then told him, that, when I was a boy, I used to be with James Mills and was employed in learning the trade of a carpenter. "What!" he said, "Are you Jack?" He shook hands with me, cordially; and when we reached the shore, I accompanied him and Mrs. Hurlbert to their residence. When there, I asked Mr. Hurlbert if he would have the kindness to allow one of his help to go with me to my sister's house, to apprise her of my arrival before I entered. He at once assented and told a servant girl to prepare herself to attend me.

The house in which my sister resided was situated in the same street as Mr. Hurlbert's, but it was located at a considerable distance lower down. The girl and myself proceeded towards it, and, when we had drawn near, I sent her ahead to announce my approach. When the girl got near the window, she cried out, "Open the door, Fanny, for your brother." The blinds were thrown open instantly, and my sister was at the door to receive me. As I entered, she exclaimed, "Why, Jack! is it possible!" and embraced me tenderly. She had, at the time, two visitors with her—the Misses Keep—to whom she introduced me, and

they then, also, recognized me. We spent the remaining part of the day together, pleasantly. The news soon spread, that old Daniel Levy's son, who had been supposed to be dead, had arrived at Nevis in the schooner Henry. The next day, I went to the custom-house, and entered my small adventure and paid the duty, which was sixty dollars. I then landed the goods and gave my sister the charge of them to trade off for cotton, as they had some superior cotton growing in small quantities. I then visited.

My stay on the island was short, in consequence of having to be at St. Thomas in time to take passage in a vessel bound for New York.

During my stay there, I went to the court-house, which I had well remembered; the court being in session at that time. There, even in those days, could be seen a colored judge, colored lawyers, and a colored jury. Two gentlemen, who were in the court-house at the time of my visit to it, I noticed particularly. On leaving the court-house, I proceeded to arrange my business, as Captain Reep informed me that two gentlemen had chartered his vessel to take them to Santa Croix; but after landing them there, the captain said, he was willing to take me over to St. Thomas, and he advised me to get ready and go with him and the gentlemen he had named, to Santa Croix. I agreed, bade an affectionate adieu to my sister, and had my effects conveyed on board the schooner.

When we started, we had the benefit of a favorable breeze and we flew before it with flowing sheets. The two gentlemen who had chartered the vessel I recognized at once, as the two gentlemen I had seen in the court-house at Nevis; and as the court had on trial a very remarkable case on the day they were present to witness the proceedings, I introduced the subject to them, on the first occasion we were together, by saying: "Gentlemen, if I mistake not, I saw you at the court-house at Nevis, the other

day." The gentlemen pompously replied, "Oh, yes, we were there, we were there. We are from America." On hearing this Declaration, the thought struck me very forcibly that I should have some fun with them. "America!" I said; "Where is that, gentlemen?" They varied the information, and said: "We are from New York." "What!" said I, "from that great continent?" With much proud complacency, they replied, "Yes." I then asked, if they employed any colored officers in America? to which they excitedly answered, "Oh! no, no! we don't allow anything of the kind." Secretly amused at their replies, I continued to quiz them about America and her institutions, till I, myself, was almost weary of the theme. These gentlemen gave their names and address, as Messrs. Jones, of New York City.

We had been sailing some time when I pointed towards the island we had left, and said: "Gentlemen, do you see the island of Nevis, the island from which we but lately departed? It lies in the direction in which I point, and appears, at this distance from it, no larger than the span of a man's hand. On that island I was born; but I consider myself to be, as I call myself, a West Indian American." "Are you from America?" they both ejaculated. "Yes, from America," I replied. They asked from what part of America I came, and I informed them that I came from Lowell. Hitherto, probably,—at least during the earlier part of our conversation,—I must have seemed to the gentlemen to be a witless greenhorn. I now said: "Ah! gentlemen, proud ye may be of your lauded America—of your boasted "land of freedom," a land exalted to Heaven in glowing panegyric, with Christianity and a Declaration of Independence by her side! and yet a land where barriers are placed against privileges to colored men!" "Gentlemen," I continued; "your eyes and ears have convinced you, from what you saw and heard in the court-house at Nevis, that there was no distinction of race there. There you saw colored

judges, and colored and white lawyers and jurymen." I remained in conversation with the gentlemen some time longer ; and it was surprising to observe, during the remainder of our voyage together, the change that took place in their tone and language to me ; and I had a pleasant time with them.

On the morning after the conversation I have detailed, the vessel was running into Santa Croix. The Messrs. Jones informed me that they were going to the White Mountains during the summer, for the benefit of their health, and that, as they intended to pass through Lowell on their way thither, they would certainly not fail to call and see me at that place. We then parted.

On my arrival at St. Thomas, I found there was an opportunity for me to return home by way of New York. Having paid Mr. Eldridge the amount for his bills against me, I went, accompanied by this gentleman, to the schooner Helen Hoyt, of North Carolina, and was introduced by Mr. Eldridge to Captain Wilson, who was a slaveholder. The captain took me on board the vessel and showed me her accommodations, and said that if I could be satisfied with them, and were willing to pay twenty five dollars, I and my effects might go with him. I accepted his terms.

The mate of the vessel was so prejudiced, that he would not sit at table with the captain and myself ; and the captain made such arrangements that the mate could always take his meals after we had taken ours.

Among the delicacies which my sister had put up for me, was a large frosted cake, and this cake she had wrapped in a New England newspaper—in a copy of the Spectator. That paper contained reports of some doings of Congress, under the administration of Andrew Jackson, and of the influence at work to stop the "incendiary," namely, the Abolition paper.

One pleasant day at sea, I took the cake upon deck to "sun" it, as I was afraid the air of the salt water had done it injury. After

I had uncovered the cake, I read from the paper which had enveloped it the reports of the congressional sayings and doings that it gave. As the captain and myself were at times very familiar in our conversation together, I asked him if he had seen the paper. He said he had not, and I handed it to him. When he had read, he became quite enraged and began to swear, and considerable hard language was exchanged between us. I told that he was captain of the vessel and I knew better than to interfere with his navigation, but I at the same time knew my rights and privileges as a passenger, and, said I, I shall maintain them, and you can call your men and order them to throw me overboard, if you feel disposed to. The subject was then dropped.

During the remainder of that day the captain spoke not another word to me until teatime, when the steward announced to him that supper was ready. The captain called me, and I went down to supper. During supper, and during the remainder of the voyage, the behavior of the captain was in every way agreeable.

CHAPTER XIV.

We arrived at New York on a Wednesday evening, and I suggested to Captain Wilson that I should like to get my things out on the following day, Thursday, so as to put them on a packet for Boston. He said he would do all in his power to help me. On Thursday morning he went up to the custom-house with me, and reported and got the permit. He then returned to the vessel and opened the hatchway, so that my things could be got out, and had them shipped on board the packet for Boston. On Friday, I took passage on the steamboat from New York, for Boston ; and I arrived at Lowell in the afternoon of Saturday.

In my three months' journey I cleared two hundred and ninety dollars, exclusive of my expenses.

I had brought with me from Nevis a statistical report of the court at that place, with regard to the judges, the lawyers, and the jurymen, with full descriptions of the colored and the white. This I had brought for the benefit of Mr. Jacob Robbins. Accordingly, on Monday morning, I went to see Mr. Robbins, at his apothecary shop at the corner of Herd and Central streets, and gave him the document, and I also informed him of what had taken place between the brothers Jones and myself on the voyage from Nevis to Santa Croix.

When I was in New York, I had made inquiries of the Episcopalian bishop as to the whereabouts of a Rev. Mr. Leacock, with whom, I had been informed, my sister Judith then was : and I was told that the Rev. gentleman resided at Lexington, in Kentucky. I then wrote to Mr. Leacock, and enclosed a letter for my

sister, in which I told her I was then living at Lowell, in the State of Massachusetts. When Mr. Leacock received my letter my sister was making preparations to return to the West Indies. At the time he opened my letter my sister was up stairs, and he called out to her, "Judith, here is a letter from your brother." "My brother!" exclaimed Judith; "My brother, sir, is dead." Mr. Leacock asked her if she had not a brother named John Levy? She replied that she had a brother of that name, but that she understood he was dead. He then put my letter into her hand, and she fainted. When consciousness returned, she declared her intention to come over to me at Lowell, instead of then proceeding to the West Indies as she had before decided.

My shop was opposite Washington House, and my residence was in Centreville; and it was my practice to go to my meals at regular hours. One afternoon I was crossing Prescott street, on my way home to tea, when a gentleman ran after me and shouted, "Hallo! hallo!" I turned to see who was hailing, and a gentleman came up and shook me by the hand, saying, "Don't you know me?" The address of the gentleman took me completely by surprise, and, not at the moment recognizing him, I replied: "I may have seen you in Boston, sir." "The gentleman then said, "Don't you recollect taking passage with me on board the schooner Henry?" "What! Mr. Jones?" I exclaimed, and we again shook hands cordially. The other brother came up, and I exchanged greetings with him, also. I invited them to go and take tea with me, which invitation they declined, on the plea that they had already supped at the Merrimack House, where they had inquired my address and been directed to me. I then said, that, inasmuch as they would not go with me to tea, I would return with them. On going up Central street with them, I saw Mr. Robbins standing at his door. I stepped up to him, and said: "Out of the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established. I now

have pleasure in introducing to you the Messrs. Jones of New York, of whom I spoke to you in May, and I leave them in your care until I return from tea. Mr. Robbins saluted the gentlemen and invited them in. I then left them and went home to supper. In about three quarters of an hour I returned and took the gentlemen to my shop, where they remained till ten o'clock, conversing with me and with my customers upon the question of slavery, as they were strong abolitionists. I invited them to take dinner at my house the next day. They declined the invitation, and said they were obliged to take the first train in the morning, to go to the White Mountains.

My sister Judith arrived from Kentucky in the Spring of 1837; and about that time there was a severe hurricane in the West Indies. Nevis received a great deal of damage, not only from the hurricane, but from fire; the greater part of the town being destroyed.

At that time I used to have much talk with Mr. Horace Howard, of Lowell, a lumber dealer. He often intimated to me that I would do well by taking a cargo of lumber to the West Indies. He said if I could obtain the means to carry such a project out, he would furnish me on credit with all the lumber I would want; giving me to understand that if I got a vessel, I would have to take her to Bangor, to load her. I went to Boston, to see what I could do in chartering a vessel, and found one that I could charter, for nine hundred dollars, to carry out a good cargo. The vessel was the schooner Girard; she belonged to Kenebec, and was owned by Captain Dewell, of that place. I came back to Lowell, with the understanding that I was the owner the next day. I told Mr. Howard what I had done. At that time the duty was taken off all vessels for six months. Mr. Howard gave me an unlimited order on a Mr. Adams, of Bangor, for such lumber as I should select. I then went to Boston and got fifty kegs of nails, with

many other articles, and had them shipped on board the schooner. I gave the captain orders to proceed to Bangor and have the vessel loaded as quickly as possible, at the same time telling him that I would take the steamboat and join him there. This was in the month of September, 1837. The captain said he would be at Bangor on Thursday and begin immediately to load up. I took the steamboat, so as to join him on Sunday, with my sister Judith, as I was anxious to start as soon as possible, before the port charges closed. When I got there, on Sunday, the captain had not taken in any of the cargo. On the Monday morning I employed men and began to load the vessel as quickly as I could. I got her loaded up by Thursday, and hauled out into the river ready to sail; but there was such a strong head-wind that we could not get out. We were wind bound five days. Finally, we got out and put to sea. I made my calculation that we should run the distance in eighteen days; but, instead of that, we were out twenty-two days.

My contract was, to touch at St. Bartholomew and then to proceed to Nevis; but I decided to go direct to Nevis. When we came within sight of St. Bartholomew, I proposed to the captain that I would take charge of the vessel and pilot her to Nevis on my own responsibility, as, I told him, I should like to get in by nine o'clock the next morning. I contended that if we went round by Montserrat, we should be a day and a half longer at sea. We had a long consultation on the question, which ended in his calling the hands on the quarter-deck, and telling them that I was supercargo and owner for the time of that vessel, and that I would take charge of her and pilot her through the Narrows. As was agreed upon, the captain did all that I ordered during the night. I kept a good look-out until I could see the bluff on St. Kitts; then I gave orders to heave about and lay her to. I remained on deck till four o'clock. As the day was breaking, I gave orders to put the ship about and make sail. We had a fine breeze, and I ordered the

square sail to be set. The captain asked if the hour was not too early for that, and I directed him to set it at about six o'clock. When I saw the swells breaking on the reef, I cautioned the helmsman to pay strict and prompt attention to my orders, and, walking forward to the bow, I stood there and piloted the vessel through the Narrows. We then hauled our wind and steered for the harbor. As we were then clear of danger, I resigned my charge of the vessel. I had never been through that channel since I was a boy, that is to say, from the year 1811, until the year 1837; and when I went through it in my boyish days, it was in one of my father's vessels, to get sugar from the plantations, to load up the ships for Europe.

We got to Nevis, and anchored, at a quarter to nine o'clock, and, to my astonishment, the port charges were resumed; and this made a difference of five hundred dollars, if I landed my cargo there. The lumber cost me eighteen dollars a thousand. On my arrival at Nevis, I was offered thirteen dollars a thousand for the cargo, on the condition that I would wait six months for the payment in produce. I consulted with the captain and asked his advice as to whether we had not better go to St. Thomas. The captain agreed with me in the opinion that the cargo might be disposed of to better advantage at St. Thomas than at Nevis. We therefore sailed to St. Thomas.

I left my sister Judith at Nevis. When we got to St. Thomas, I was offered thirteen dollars a thousand, cash, for the cargo, but I thought I could do better, and, according to my contract, I had fifteen days yet remaining in which to dispose of my cargo. For every day after that time I was to pay fifteen dollars demurrage. I consulted with a cousin of mine, of the name of Chappy, the head auctioneer at St. Thomas, and asked him whether, if I should land the lumber, he would lend me nine hundred dollars to discharge the vessel. At that time, lumber was retailed there at twenty-four

dollars a thousand. My cousin agreed to lend me the sum I wanted. I then went to a gentleman named Wright, who had a yard near the beach, and I bargained with him for its use. This done, I set men to work and commenced landing the cargo. In ten days I had the vessel discharged and paid off. I then hired a clerk to attend to the sale of the lumber, and engaged a watchman to look to its safety. I remained at St. Thomas ten months, retailing out that lumber. I traded some for goats' skins, which I forwarded to Mr. Howard. When I had finished selling off the lumber, I found myself considerably reduced in means. I took passage in the brig Tomoshanto, captain How, of Barnstable, Cape Cod. I sailed on August 1st, 1838, on which day the slaves in the British West Indies were emancipated. I arrived in Boston before the end of the month, and proceeded without delay to Lowell. I went to Mr. Howard, and gave him my books and papers for examination. I had lost fourteen hundred dollars by the adventure. I proposed to Mr. Howard to give up to him the house that I then owned in Centreville, to pay himself and divide the balance amongst other creditors. His reply was : " Keep the house, Mr. Levy, and go to work."

Previously to my going to the West Indies, I had sold out my business, so that I had then no shop. I went to the other creditors and told them of my proposal to Mr. Howard. I then went to a Mr. Adams, an auctioneer in Lowell, who had a note against me for twenty dollars, and stated my case to him. He expressed his condolence and affected much sympathy for me. I then rented the house and removed to Boston.

CHAPTER XV.

On settling in Boston, I hired a shop in Blackstone street, for barbering and the sale of second-hand clothing. I had not been there more than a few months, trying to save up all I could for the benefit of my creditors, when an officer entered my shop and said he had come to serve a writ upon me, at the suit of Mr. Adams, of Lowell. I asked the officer what he would advise me to do, and I explained the case to him. He told me to call at his office in Court Square, the following morning at nine o'clock, and take bail with me. The next morning, I went to his office. He told me that the sheriff of Middlesex county, who held the writ, resided at Canterbury and was not then in town, but he expected he would soon arrive, and he said he would call at my shop with it. I reminded him that he had told me, the day before, that he had then come to serve the writ upon me, and that I had waited upon him according to his own arrangement. I turned from him and went to the Master in Chancery, Edward G. Loring, Esq., and told him the circumstances, informing him that I felt disposed to voluntarily give up my property to the Court of Chancery, for the equal benefit of all my creditors. He took an inventory of my property.

I had taken rooms in Belnap street. Judge Loring ordered the sheriff to go to the house and take possession of the goods there, over and above what the law would allow me to retain. When I returned to the shop, the officer called and produced his writ. I asked him what he was going to do, and told him I had no property; my property, I informed him, I had given up to the

Court of Chancery. He swore at me, and said I had done that designedly. I told I did not intend that one of my creditors should have all, and the remainder of them nothing; I wished them all to share alike.

Judge Loring directed me to appear when the court sat at Cambridge, and notify to the officials that I was not ready for trial. I did as he directed me.

I then went to Lowell and acquainted my creditors with the course I had taken with the property. I entreated Mr. Howard to go down and attach his signature, as he was the heaviest creditor. I also went to Mr. Robbins, to whom I owed fifty dollars. He told me he would not sign his name, but if I ever should be able to pay him it would be well. Mr. Stephen Manster treated me in the same way. I did not go to Mr. Adams.

I went back to Boston, and attended to my business to the best of my ability, but I did not make much headway, and I became discouraged,—so much so, that sometimes I did not care whether I opened the shop or not.

One morning, before I got out of bed, the letter-carrier rapped at the door. Mrs. Pitts attended to the summons and took the letter from the carrier, whose charge was twenty-five cents. All the money I possessed was one half-dollar. I was called to receive the letter, and was informed that I had twenty-five cents to pay. I told the carrier to leave my letters at the Post-office, for the two cents I had to pay for bringing me a letter would buy my child some milk. I broke open the letter before I took off my night-clothes, and, to my astonishment, a draft for two hundred and forty dollars dropped from it to the floor. The draft was sent to me by the Rev. Hamlin Leacock, who was my sister Judith's guardian; and he sent it by her order. I can assure the reader of these pages, that if the letter-carrier had not departed from the house before I opened the letter, I should have given him the whole

half-dollar I possessed. I soon dressed myself, and went down State street to a broker's, and got the draft cashed. I then placed the greater part of the money in the bank, for security ; and with renewed courage, I went to my business, at which I continued some time.

My prospect in business in no way brightened, and I therefore applied for a situation to Mr. Lobdel, who, at that time, was superintendent of the United States Hotel, near the Worcester Depot, which was then undergoing alteration, to fit it for a first-class hotel. Mr. Phano and family had rooms there ; as had, also, Judge Phillips, of Cambridge, and his family ; Mr. McClesnen and family ; and John E. Parker, Esq., and family. All these gentlemen had rooms at the depot, in order to establish a reputation for the place, preparatory to its being opened to the public. I accepted the position of head porter and watchman.

One night I saved the house from being burned down. On going the rounds through the house with my lantern, I discovered a fire in one of the bathing-rooms, which I extinguished before it had done much damage.

Mr. Lobdel granted me the privilege of using one of the lower rooms in the front of the depot as a barber's shop. In that position I remained until the hotel was finished.

Mr. Holman had just arrived from South Carolina, where, I understood, he had left a hotel, in order to enter on the occupancy of the United States Hotel, in conjunction with Mr. Clark.

On the evening of Mr. Holman's arrival, Mr. Lobdel introduced me to him as head porter of the hotel. Mr. Holman said he would speak to me further about the situation at another time. In the morning, when at breakfast with the family that occupied the room, he said he was expected to have a negro porter, but he would not. He expected that his assertion would be applauded by the ladies present ; but, they administered to him a sharp rebuke. Mr.

Judge Phillips, and other ladies, exclaimed : " Unless that negro, as you call him, be retained as head porter of this hotel, we shall leave the house after we have had breakfast." Soon after this, Mr. Holman came to me in the shop, and asked me if I knew what were the duties of a head porter, and I named them. He then said he would see me again about it in a few days, and left me.

Mrs. Phillips told me what had occurred at the breakfast-table, and she advised me not to give up the situation.

Soon after Mrs. Phillips had left me, I saw some white men talking to Mr. Holman, and I ascertained that they were after the head porter's berth. They offered to pay him for the privilege. I consulted Mrs. Phillips, and told her I thought I would give up my berth as porter and attend exclusively to the shop, as Mr. Lobdel had contracted with me to take the shop for one year, rent free, and after that time I was to pay rent.

I told Mr. Holman of my intention, and he directed me to take care of the shop until he could find a porter, and he gave me ten dollars to put in my pocket. I took care of the shop for two days, when a man came and took the berth.

A few days after that, a white barber came and had some conversation with Mr. Holman. He then came to me, and asked what I would sell out for. I told him I would sell out for two hundred and fifty dollars. His reply was, that I had not two hundred and fifty dollars in the shop. I told him I knew that ; but I wanted something to compensate me for my labor during the winter, for which I had not received anything. The man said he would see me again, when we could talk over the matter. He soon came back, and said he would give me two hundred and twenty-five dollars,—twenty-five dollars in cash, and four notes of fifty dollars each, payable at the rate of fifty dollars a month. I accepted the offer, and closed up my account and moved to Lowell, where I remained until I had paid my creditors.

CHAPTER XVI.

In 1839, when I returned to Lowell from Boston, Hon. Royal Southwick, with whom I was acquainted, came and spoke to me about a building he had on Charles street, that had been used as a carpenter's shop. He said he would like me to take it and put it into proper order for a dwelling-house, and if I should consent to do this, I might pay him just so much, and at such times, as were convenient to me.

I called on a carpenter who lived in the next house, whose name was Buswell, and asked him to make an estimate and tell me how much it would cost to put the building into a proper state of repair. He wanted to know if I had bought the property, and I told him I had some thoughts of buying it. Soon after that, he went to see Mr. Southwick and proposed to buy the property himself, so as to prevent me from getting it. He said my coming there would depreciate his property. His prejudice against me was so great, that he offered Mr. Southwick three hundred dollars more for the building than I had offered. Mr. Southwick's reply to him was, that were he to offer a thousand dollars more than I had done, he would not let him have the property.

Mr. Southwick then came to me and told me the circumstance. He advised me to go immediately to the place and fix my plan, and he would send three carpenters down immediately. I did so.

Water on that street was very bad; so, I sank a well in the cellar. In digging, they had only got to a little depth when they struck a vein of good water, which was even soft enough for

washing. After the place was finished, I moved into it. I then took pains to cultivate a very pretty flower garden in front of the house, and I set out a choice selection of fruit trees around the garden.

After all the obstacles had been over come—the obstacles of race and color, paramount objections in the eyes of prejudice—I became very popular amongst my neighbors, especially among those who had been at first the most prejudiced against me.

At that time, in Lowell, there was a great scarcity of water, and, having a good well of unfailing water, I allowed my neighbors the privilege of drawing their water from my well. My neighbors thought this to be such a kindly action on my part, considering their former treatment of me, that they even talked of remunerating me for this small favor. I refused, saying they were welcome to the water; as I thought at the time it was best to return good for evil.

Among those who assisted me considerably, at that time, and who was among my firmest friends, as a debt of gratitude, I must mention the name of Mr. David Dana. To Mr. Dana, I am indebted for a considerable portion of my success in Lowell; for, with his usual kindheartedness, he procured me a shop on Jackson street, near his place of business, and he, also, assisted me in fitting up my shop.

It is strange how readily men will yield to temptation, and, knowing the course they are pursuing to be wrong, will keep on in the wrong path! The vice of drunkenness has been in all ages and times a curse. Men will be drawn into drinking gradually, and it is not strange that I, in my weakness, fell under the influence of Bacchus, and began to indulge in liquor. The habit grew upon me, so much so that I had to preserve a good deal of caution to prevent my customers from knowing that was an habitual drunkard. To indulge in my habit, and at the same time

not to let my friends know how debased I had become, I adopted a new course. A man named McNulty kept a rum shop on Hurd street. Borrowing a bottle from him, I bought a pint of liquor. I carried it to the shop and kept it there until night. After closing my shop at night and retiring to my room, which was in the back shop, I undressed myself, drew a chair to my bedside, and placed upon it my bottle and glass. I then lit my cigar and got into bed. There, I smoked and drank until quite late, leaving only sufficient liquor to serve for my bitters in the morning. During the day I did not drink any, for fear that Mr. Dana (who was a strict temperance man) would smell my breath. The next night was the same as the preceding one. The third night, I went to bed as before with my bottle and glass. Lying there, I began to reflect on what my present course of conduct was leading me to. I could see plainly what it would lead me, to if I kept on. Jumping up, horrified at the vision which unfolded itself before my mind, I exclaimed, "What am I about? Am I going to send myself to destruction, and lose the few friends I have got?" I went to my shop door, and, taking the bottle by the neck, I whirled it with the liquor it contained against the wall of the Hamilton fence. Those of my readers who are acquainted with Lowell will know what wall I allude to.

In the morning I went to Mr. McNulty and told him of the occurrences of the previous evening; how I had broken his bottle, and of my determination no longer to taste the intoxicating cup or pander to a depraved appetite.

- Mr. Dana continued to be one of my best friends and customers, and he knew nothing about the providential escape from ruin I had had, until I removed my shop to opposite the Washington House, after a stay of eighteen months on Jackson street.

Mr. Dana was very fond of me, and when he came in mornings to get shaved I would confide to him my troubles. One morning I

told him of my drinking from Mr. McNulty's bottle for three successive nights, and of my being warned in time to escape a drunkard's fate. His reply was : " Ah ! you have just saved your distance." These words have always remained in my memory, and, by the grace of God, have helped me to adhere to my good resolutions.

During the time I was in Lowell my family resided in Cambridge, Mass.

CHAPTER XVII.

I remained in Lowell until 1846, when I removed to Lawrence, then in its infancy, and opened the first barber's shop in this city.

The dam at that time was being built. There were but very few houses where now stands the flourishing city of Lawrence. Since my first visit, Lawrence has grown enormously. If it has increased in size, it has also increased vastly in crime and vice, immorality and wickedness.

I remained in Lawrence until after the completion of the dam. Has it not opened a vast source of wealth and prosperity to Lawrence?

After leaving Lawrence, I went to the western part of Mass., and from thence to Albany, N. Y. I bought out a shop on Broadway, in the Dunlap House. I remained there a few weeks, when, becoming dissatisfied, I sold out, and went to Little Falls, and from there to Rochester.

At Rochester, a friend introduced me to a gentleman named J. P. Morris. I received and accepted an invitation to dine with him. At dinner, I informed him of my errand in Rochester, and requested his advice on the subject of opening a shop there. The advice which he gave me, though candid, was not very favorable. The rent was so high, he said, and it would take such a time to build up a paying business in a place where the trade was already overcrowded, that it was not worth while to locate there. He informed me of a place called Geneseo, about thirty miles west

of Rochester, in Livingston County, where there was no barber established.

The next day I took the stage for Geneseo. On arriving there I did not like the looks of the place. While strolling around the village I met with a gentleman that I had formerly known in Great Barrington, Mass. He was then keeping a store in Geneseo. He accosted me in surprise, saying: "Levy what are you doing here." I returned his greeting, and informed him of my lusiness in Geneseo. The Gentleman, on hearing that my errand there was to open a barber's shop, expressed himself very favorable to my mission, and he advised me by all means to locate there. He directed me to Judge Lord, brother to Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, who was county Judge at the time, and request his opinion on the subject. I did so, and the Judge informed that me if I would open a shop there, the desire on his part being so strong to have a good barber there in place of the present dissipated one, that he offered to pay me double wages, three times a week, if I would settle there. On all sides I received friendly assurances, and I accordingly took the necessary steps.

I removed to Geneseo on February 3rd, 1853. The session of the County Court took place about a week after my arrival there, and, during its session, I had all the business I could attend to. One day, during the session of the Court, several of the Grand Jurors came in to get shaved. During the course of conversation one of the Gentlemen expressed a wish to see Wendell Phillips. Judge Lord, coming in at the time, informed them that I could show both champions of the Anti-Slavery cause, Wendell Phillips and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, as I had their pictures at the house. The desire of the gentlemen to see Mr. Phillips' picture was so strong, that I informed them I would bring them down to the shop. The principal reason for this desire, was the fact that the great debate on the constitutionality of slavery, between Hor.

Horace Mann and Wendell Phillips, had just occurred. The gentlemen were quite pleased with the pictures when they were brought down. I always kept a copy of the "Liberator," the great anti-slavery paper, on my table. Being read by my visitors, it was the means of stirring up a considerable feeling on the subject in the village. Before my arrival there, this great subject had lain well-nigh dormant.

The next time Judge Lord came in to get shaved, he said he had heard Wendell Phillips's name mentioned the last time he had been in the shop, and he wished to know if I endorsed his sentiments. My reply to him was : "Judge, I never expected to talk with you on this subject, knowing my inability to cope with so able a logician, but, as you ask me the question, I will reply : I do sir. We then began to discuss, and Judge Lord called Wendell Phillips some pretty hard names. I said : "Judge Lord, I have known Wendell Phillips since he espoused the Anti-Slavery cause in 1836, and knew him well ; although a thousand miles from him, I thought it my duty to vindicate him whenever I heard his name assailed.

When Judge Lord would come into the shop, he would take up my copy of the "Liberator," and ask "Is this your Bible?" I then would answer, "In a particular sense." He would then begin to discuss with me, though he was a Judge and I a humble barber.

We had these discussions regularly for six long years. At last he said to me : "Levy, I respect you more than ever for your honesty and integrity of principle. Though I differ from you, yet I believe you to be sincere."

During the whole time I resided in Geneseo, Judge Lord was an uncompromising friend. I never was in want of a dollar but he was ready to assist me. Among my many friends in Geneseo, I may mention General James S. Wadsworth and family. When General Wadsworth was brought home dead from the battle

of the Wilderness, I tolled the bell for him, having been sexton of St. Michael's Episcopal Church for seven years.

Madame William Wadsworth was very kind to me, and did a great deal towards making my stay in Geneseo a pleasant one; and I still remember their kindness, with gratitude, as a broad ray of sunshine across my chequered career.

CHAPTER XVIII.

During the war of the Rebellion, I had to contend with a great deal of prejudice and opposition on account of my Abolitionism, so much so, that I found it very hard to make a living.

In 1861, I made an application to Governor Margin, of New York, to raise a company of soldiers to go to the front. His private Secretary, Mr. Lockwood Doty, formerly of Geneseo, gave the Governor a very good recommendation of my character. The Governor wrote me a very kind letter, stating that Congress had not yet settled upon the question of allowing the colored people to take up arms in defense of the nation, but, as soon as the question was settled, he said he would send me a commission. Before Congress had decided upon the matter, Horatio Seymour was elected Governor. I determined to go to the front, however, and I applied to General James Woods, colonel of the 136 reg't N. Y. volunteers, to go with the regiment as barber, if I could have the privilege of carrying a musket. I did so, and sold out my shop and went forward to the front with the 136th.

We proceeded to Washington, and from there we marched to Arlington Heights and encamped there. We were in Sickles's division. From Arlington Heights we marched to Fairfax Court House. The Confederates were in force at Harper's Ferry, almost surrounded by the Union forces, and, as their only hope of escape was through Fairfax Court House, General Sickles immediately ordered bridges to be thrown across the creek in anticipation

of the coming contest. Seeing that a battle was impending and determined in my own mind to have a share in it, I went to the colonel and asked him for the gun he had promised me. He told me he could not give me one. I then said to him that I would not stay there without having something wherewith to defend myself. I asked him for a pass to return home. He gave me one; and I went to Washington.

At that time, General Wadsworth was the Provisional Governor at Washington. I called on the general, and he said, "What are you doing here, you contraband?" I explained to him the cause of my being there, and asked him for a pass to go forward. He said he could not give me a free pass, and asked if I had money sufficient to carry me home. I produced what I had, and he gave me five dollars and told me to go into the office and get a pass, which, with the money I then had, would carry me to my destination.

I started, the same day, at five o'clock, and arrived at my home on the evening of the following day, to the great surprise of my family. I remained there till I took my departure for Massachusetts.

The first place I went to, was Williamstown. There I remained one year. I did not do as well as I expected and desired, and I decided to return to Lowell, as I considered that place to be my home.

On my return to Lowell, I found all my old friends glad to see me and willing to help me. I was getting advanced in years, and I could not then endure so well as I was able to endure in past years, the toil and turmoil of life; and although my friends in Lowell patronized me liberally whilst there, I again launched my bark and steered for Lawrence—a place which I had left twenty-two years before.

And now, kind reader, you may find me sitting by my fireside, at South Lawrence, at the age of seventy-four years. Were I to enter into a minute detail of my life and career,—and especially of the part I took in the Abolition cause, from the year 1838, to the end of slavery,—the matter would fill a bulky volume and perhaps exhaust the patience of some to whom this small work may be, in some degree, interesting. I thank God that I lived to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment in the city of Boston.

NOTE.—It may be unnecessary, when the gentleman to whom I refer is so widely known, to point out an erratum. “J. E. Parks,” ought to be read, “J. C. Parks.”

ADDENDA.

In connection with the Anti-Slavery movement, in 1839, at a meeting of the State Slavery League, held in defence of Lloyd Garrison, in Marboro' Chapel, Boston, and at which meeting Wendell Phillips was present, I warmly spoke in defence of Mr. Garrison; and the following extract from the speech I delivered on that occasion was afterwards printed on satin, which was made into useful articles and sold, to swell the fund in aid of the Abolition cause:—

“ While he lives, his name is enshrined in the hearts of his oppressed countrymen; and when the heart that has beat so warmly, and the hand that has labored so diligently, in this behalf, shall be cold in death, the colored people of this continent shall build his monument; and they will write upon it, “THE LIBERATOR.”



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